THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. II. No. 46. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897 [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

Or,

FACTS AND FANCIES Re MR. GOLDBUG, THE BANKER.

I WANT THE WORLD. Put a fence around the earth and call it mine. I'll loan some of my money to the farmer. The natural increase of wealth is three per cent. per annum, but I'll charge ten, and take a mortgage on his property. The chances are very much against him. I'll let him slave for me to keep up his payments of interest. When he is no longer able to do that, I'll foreclose the mortgage, turn the property into cash and set the money going again. I've done this many times before, and the plan works like a charm. I keep agents on the road all the time looking for chances to advance money to foolish farmers who will borrow from me at a high rate of interest, to purchase costly farming implements, build a new house, buy a piano for his girls or send the boys to college. Ha! ha! I'll charge the old fellow three times more interest that he can possibly dig out of the ground. Hope buoys him up. He thinks a good crop-year will put him on his feet again and lift him out of the financial slough of despond. Possibly; but the rule works the other way. Many of the agricultural States where I have placed money out at interest are

Plastered All Over with Mortgages.

The Bible says (Lev. xxv., 35, 36, 37) "If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, thou shalt relieve him. . . Take thou no usury of him or increase, but fear thy God. . . . Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase;" but business is business. The Bible is a very inconvenient book to have near the paying teller's elbow during banking hours. If the farmer feels he can get along with a small medicum of brains that is his mistake and not mine. He should blame himself if he scratches along all through life with on empty pocket-book. Let him keep his eyes open. If he is silly enough to let me corner him,

Rich but Not Happy.

that is his fault. He should not run around the world like a chicken with its head cut off.

I confess somewhat modestly that I am a Napoleon of finance. I am a money-king. I plan and execute campaigns although not on a field of carnage. I make brilliant charges at times by bulling the market on wheat, barley, rye, oats, coal-oil, pork or other commodities, by which I can turn a penny. Occasionally I find it necessary to cover a masterly retreat, but whether prices go up or prices go down, I understand the art of engineering corners. In other words, I know how to milk the public cow and have foresight enough to prevent her from kicking the bucket over after giving the milk. Ha! ha! that's me! I'm great on corners and can corner anything on the stock-board worth cornering.

Reality? Certainly real estate in growing cities is considered good investment. A judicious outlay of money for houses, not only brings in a steady income if handled properly, but as such property is on a rising market, holding on to the same increases one's fortune fabulously. A person can sleep and grow rich, so to speak. In cases where rent is not forthcoming from families occupying my tenement-houses and it becomes necessary to throw them into the street, I leave Agents to attend to such disagreeable work. Business is business. I lay out so many thousand dollars for the purchase of a building, and must have a satisfactory return for the outlay. The poverty or other misfortune of tenants I do not allow to cut any figure in my calculations of what I consider a fair return on invested capital. Poor people should not permit poverty to corner them. As for me, I look out for number one. They must do the same and pay their rent or get out.

* * * *

The foregoing imaginative soliloquy we feel expresses correctly the thoughts of heartless grad-grinds who care not who sinks providing they can keep afloat. The spirit of greed is not of Christ, but is of the devil and springs from the root of selfishness.

Banker Goldbug

may mercilessly use, or rather abuse the power of wealth to corner everything and everybody, but unless he repents, God will corner him and turn his soul into a corner of hell.

"Woe unto them (Isaiah v. 8) that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." God speaks in no uncertain strain on this subject. Graballs who would corner the earth and its contents would do well to give the following Scriptures serious attention. Riches profit not in the day of wrath—(Prov. xi., 4.) He that trusteth in his riches shall fall (verse 28.) He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches . . shall surely come to want (Prov. xxii., 16.) Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. . . ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter (James v., 1-5) Thus saith the Lord. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which do exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord. (Jeremiah ix., 23, 24).

Trusts and Monopolies

are multiplying on every side. Legislatures permit these bands of wealthy brigands to make raids on the public and rob everybody with the sanction and protection of law. Some men who would not care to face the odium of individual wrong-doing, when they invest in stocks, seem to think that they lose their individuality and responsibility by becoming merged into a company, but capitalists cannot escape the wrath of God (which always follows evil-doers,) by hiding in a crowd. A Corporation may be soulless, but the individual members of the same will discover to their everlasting undoing, that their sins will find them out.

By the iniquitous practices of trusts and monopolies, the masses are being impoverished for the enrichment of a few unscrupulous, never-satisfied shylocks.

Where Fifty-seventh Street crosses Fifth Avenue in New York City, stand four town houses, the owners of which are said to be worth $225,000,000!

It is not a difficult matter for readers of the War Cry who keep abreast of the times to recall the names of men connected with monopolies, who have in a few years, from comparative poverty, become multi-millionaires. Did they earn their millions honestly? Let one of England's great writers answer: "Guilt never succeeds. Why? Because when it succeeds none dare call it guilt."

JOHN MILSAPS.

March 8th, 1897. San Francisco.

His Only Commodity is Labor.

The way the selfish principle in business works out for the other fellow, especially when labor is a drug on the market and access to the land is denied.

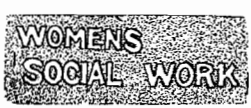
CONTEMPORARY CLIPPINGS.

The GREAT FALLS' LEADER announces the Army's nationality meeting at that place, and states: "The nations in which the Army flag floats will be represented by Soldiers dressed in national costume."

The SUDBURY JOURNAL, in its reference to the Army's second anniversary, says: Short addresses were delivered by W. A. Quibell, Esq., Rev. J. E. Smith, and others, expressing their appreciation of the work done by the Army. The proceeds slightly exceeded $20.00.

The GALT EVENING REFORMER thus concludes a good account of the Army's thirteenth anniversary in that city:

Powerful were the remarks made and the testimonies given. Enthusiasm was depicted on every face, sincerity characterized every speaker and happiness illuminated the faces of that contingent of the great Salvation Army. Many, not of the Army, attended, and they were impressed by what they saw and heard.



MRS. MAJOR READ.

"Thank God, the Home is now out of debt!"

* * * *

Halifax has 11 girls and 14 children in the Home.

* * * *

Bridgewater, N. S., has sent $30.00 to the Halifax Home.

* * * *

Ensign Baldwin has been ill since going to Newfoundland.

* * * *

Ensign Milner had splendid times in Rossland, Nelson, etc.

* * * *

Barrie citizens are deeply interested in the Women's Social work.

* * * *

Three bright little ones for adoption. For particulars write Mrs. Read.

* * * *

Ensign Jost visits Woodstock and Fredericton, N. B., at the end of April.

* * * *

Nearly $17.00 were sent to the Halifax Home by the W. C. T. U. of Yarmouth, N. S.

* * * *

In Toronto the League of Mercy gave away 1,200 War Crys in the month of March.

* * * *

Every copy of "Sin Chains Riven" we had at the meeting in Barrie on Friday sold out.

* * * *

The Mayor of the City presides over the Anniversary of the Hamilton Rescue Home.

* * * *

The Editors of the Halifax Mail and Herald are quarterly subscribers to the Rescue Home.

* * * *

The Rescue Homes in the Territory have just received nearly $100.00 from the G. B. M. money.

Mr. Watkins, of Hamilton, has just donated $10.00 worth of goods to the Rescue Home in that city.

* * * *

The Sheriff of Anaconda, Mont., brought a young girl from that place to the Helena Rescue Home.

* * * *

The League of Mercy of Kingston have obtained permission to hold occasional meetings in the Kingston Penitentiary.

* * * *

Major Pugmire writes from St. John, N. B.—"I am sure the Rescue Home anniversary will be a great blessing to the work in this city."

* * * *

The committee of the Maternity Hospital are giving a monthly subscription to help the increased liabilities of our new Home in Montreal.

* * * *

Mrs. Scott (wife of the Editor of the St. John, N. B., Sun,) is always pleased to insert any item of news in her column devoted to Women's work.

* * * *

Adjutants McDonald and Galt have just conducted a meeting on behalf of Halifax Rescue Home under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. in Yarmouth.

* * * *

The congregation in Orillia on Sunday afternoon listened attentively to the address on the Women's Social Work. They were especially interested in the Children's Shelter stories.

SHORT AND SHARP SERMONS

For Salvationists.

By F. E. S.

HUNDREDS of people now shelve their duty in connection with the Junior Soldiers' War. You are one!

* * *

THERE are hundreds of Soldiers and Officers who lack "push" and are too modest and backward in offering their services and suggestions to their leaders to advance the War. Can you improve?

* * *

THERE are hundreds of people who now look back with bitter regret over many years of lost opportunities in which some valuable work could have been done for God that now can never be done.

* * *

THERE are hundreds of Army people who get married instead of obeying God and applying for the S. A. Field work and becoming Officers. You beware! Read the General's article on Courtship in last week's Cry.

* * *

THERE are hundreds of young men and women who are adherents to the Army and its principles that ought to become Soldiers, and in many cases Officers. Are you one? Reason it over and ask God's guidance. Hurry up!

* * *

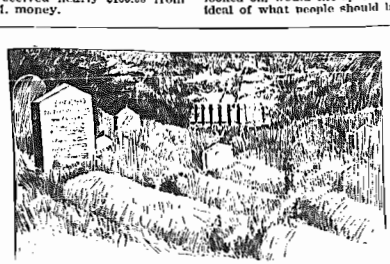
THERE are hundreds of people that have got a FULL Salvation,—a running over one that blesses people everywhere they go and every time you see them. What about yours? Are you satisfied? Do you covet an experience like some one else's?

* * *

THERE are hundreds of Salvationists who don't amount to a hill of beans because they have minded what people said or would think of them if they did certain things that they felt they should have done. Are you one? There is a freedom from this bondage.

ARE you full enough of the Spirit for souls to be convicted when you talk, sing, or pray?

IF a child imitated you closely, and you looked on, would the spectacle meet your ideal of what people should be?



"Back to the land," is the cry to-day, but a man needs to go back to the land under proper conditions, for want of this many never get back to the land till they go to be buried.

[OUR SERIAL.—*Continued.*]

AGNES MAYBURNE,

BY CORYDON.

IT HIS was Agnes' bosom friend, and one to whom God had made her a great blessing during the few months they had been acquainted; they had met for the first time, at the sea-side, and instinctively felt drawn one to the other, which feeling was considerably strengthened when, by comparing notes, they found out that each had a heart sorrow of a kindred nature. Mutual confidences followed and a friendship was cemented that nothing in after years weakened.

The greetings over, Annie Lester, the new-comer, sank down on a footstool at Agnes' feet, saying, "Oh, Aggie (she was always Aggie to a few very particular friends) you MUST really excuse me breaking in upon you like this, but I did so want to know whether you had heard any word from Miss N——?"

Agnes smiled and stroked her friend's hand which lay in her lap. "Yes, dear, I only received her letter a few minutes before you came in. She informs me that it will be alright, and places will be reserved for us for the dates I mentioned. And so you can set your dear little mind at rest on that score." The two friends had planned to spend their summer vacation together at a South of England watering place and Agnes had written to Miss N——, the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the place they wished to visit, to enquire if they could be accommodated. Little did Agnes know what that trip had in store for her, and what its effect would be on her life. The advent of the tea-tray cut short their conversation, and Annie did not need much persuasion to remove her hat, and partake of a refreshing cup of "Oolong," over which they completed their plans and settled by what train they should travel. The following Saturday was the day fixed upon for their departure, and on that morning Agnes rose betimes, for she had much to do. It was scarcely 5 a. m. when she pulled aside the curtain from the window, which she opened, and took in a deep draught of the cool, fresh morning air. The birds chirped gaily on the eave-trough above, and away in the distance she could see the smoke of the fast approaching "workmen's train," on its way to the City with its human freight, some of London's busy toilers. She had not much time to spare, for the cab was to call for her at 6, after having picked up Annie and her luggage on the way. Kneeling by her bedside, she read the day's portion from the "Daily Light" text book, and then asked God's blessing on their holidays, and prayed for strength to do His will daily. Hastily finishing her toilet, she descended to the breakfast-room. Shortly afterward the cab called and with it, beaming Annie, and all being ready, away they were whirled to London Bridge Station. Tickets taken, the usual trouble with their luggage, which, after several tips to several porters, they saw safely stowed away in the luggage-van, and soon they are steaming on their way to E——. Nothing eventful happened on the journey; their destination reached, they were met by the pleasant-faced Secretary and made welcome, and on being shown to their apartment, duly ensconced themselves, highly pleased that their rooms commanded a fine view of the sea.

Agnes rose early the next morning, already seeming to feel the influence of the pure sea air, opened her window and gazed out on the beautiful, placid sea, now as calm as the proverbial millpond, to the sandy beach, with its rows of bathing machines. All was still—none of the work-a-day bustle, for it was the Sabbath. What a difference between this and smoky old London! thought she, and such a change from the stuffy school-room. Annie was still sleeping, so putting on her hat, Agnes stole softly from the room, opened the big front door and stepped out into the cool morning air, intending to go on to the beach and—fall into one of her reveries—this was not in her calculations; but it is no doubt what would have happened had she not been turned from her purpose by suddenly hearing

Someone Whistling Gaily

"Victory for me," to the familiar Army tune. Looking round, she saw, swinging along, his two arms keeping time to the tune he was trilling out, a stalwart and much bronzed Salvationist, with bright red guernsey, and his sun-burned face surmounted by rather a battered Army cap, which showed signs of having been used for more roughly than ordinary wear would warrant. For a moment Agnes wondered, and then it flashed into her mind that he must be going to knee-drill. Stopping, and making pretence of doing up her shoe-lace, she allowed him to pass her, which he did, with a respectful touch of his forelock, and letting him get some distance ahead, she followed him. After sundry turns and twists, she saw him stop in front of a building, take something from his pocket, which she judged must be a key, and let himself in. She followed, and, peeping in, saw him busy at work lighting the fire. Hastily retreating, she took up a position where she could watch unseen. Soon she saw the Captain and his Lieutenant come up, followed by other of the Soldiers, who came in ones and twos. Waiting until she heard them cease from singing the opening song, she went up, slipped noiselessly in and dropped on her knees at the back, and getting at once in touch with God, she entered into the spirit of the meeting and got blessed in so doing. It WAS a knee-drill, and NO MISTAKE. The Captain was NOT the one to let HIS knee-drills run any risk of being called misnomers, and although Agnes' knees got very sore kneeling on the hard floor for so long, she bravely stuck to it. Just before closing, Captain said, "Now, Comrades, what God tells you to do to-day, DO IT! Let God have ALL His own way with you," and with these last words fastened on her mind she hurried away. Hastening back, she found Annie dressing, and wondering much what had become of her. "Oh, Annie, you have missed a treat," said Agnes, bursting into the room. "I have enjoyed myself!"

"Ought you not to be an officer?"

"What have you been doing, dear?" asked Miss Lester. "Sitting on the beach listening to the murmur of the sad sea waves? or talking to some fisherman and getting him to explain the mysteries of plaice fishing?"

Agnes smiled at this latter question, because she knew that that was what she would in all probability have done if it had not been Sunday, and which she might yet do before her holiday was o'er.

"No! Guess again."

"Give it up," said Annie, as she fastened her pearl shield with "Redeemed" upon it, at her throat.

"Well, I've just had the loveliest time at the Army knee-drill, and you would have enjoyed it had you been there; the Captain did say some very straight things."

"Oh!" and Annie's tone slightly dropped, for truth to tell, she was not YET as much in love with "these queer folk" as her friend. "Oh! so you've been there!" and then her tone brightened, she added, "I'm glad you enjoyed it, dear," and the breakfast-bell commencing to ring, they went downstairs, each with an arm thrown around the other, for these two girls loved one another very dearly.

•

It is not my purpose to follow them all through their holiday-making, but just to touch on that part of it which affected Agnes' after life.

That same morning Annie accepted her friend's invitation to accompany her to the Holiness Meeting held at the Army Hall, and, accordingly, 11 a. m. found them sitting near the back of the building, which was nearly filled. As the meeting proceeded, Agnes' heart expanded, and she drank in deep draughts from the spiritual Fountain, and even Annie forgot that she was in an Army hall and entered into the meeting with all her heart. But God was preparing a shaft that was soon to wing its way from the Heavenly Bow into Agnes' heart. In the middle of his Bible talk, the Captain paused, and then said, "You are God's children, some of you—most of you, but

Are You Down Low Enough?"

Here was the shaft, and straight as a die it went home; like a flash came back to her mind another arrow-like utterance of the General's in his meeting at Exeter Hall, that she had attended a day or so before leaving London. Looking down on the batch of Auxiliaries who sat in specially reserved places, he had said, "Some of you wear the Auxiliary pin when you should wear the badge of Soldiership, and some of you are 'Army friends,' when you should, instead, be wearing the Officers' braid." It had touched Agnes and made her feel uncomfortable; she went away and in the bustle of departure she had let it pass from her mind. But GOD NEVER FORGETS, and it now, in this meeting, came back to her. Again came the query, "ARE YOU DOWN LOW ENOUGH? Are you fully given up to God? All your time, your talents? Your SOUL is, yes; but what about your BODY?" The meeting closed, the crowd dispersed, and Agnes and her friend went slowly back to their lodgings. There was not the music in one heart that there had been in the earlier hours of that day. No! Some of the strings had gone out of tune and all seemed discord. It was rather a quiet walk home; both girls were thinking and were honestly facing the matter in their own hearts. A few days after, Annie was somewhat startled by Agnes saying to her, "Annie, do you think I am down LOW ENOUGH BEFORE GOD?"

In an instant the reply came: "You! Agnes? Why, yes dear! If ever there was a true child of God, you're one!"

"Thank you, dear, for your good opinion, but I've been looking into my heart these past few days, and I can see that, though I do love God with all my heart, the step that I took in becoming a Salvation Army Auxiliary was in reality only a half-way concession to the voice of conscience, and that I should really become a Soldier, and," she added, "with the help of God, when I return to London, I shall make application for Soldiership at C.— H——." Annie was amazed at this assertion, but she was too familiar with the quiet tone of that voice, and knew too well the character she bore among her associates of having the power to put her foot down, and taking it not up again, to attempt to dissuade her or turn her from her purpose, and it is to this fact that Annie herself, at the present moment, owes her Soldiership. Agnes had taken ANOTHER STEP DOWN, but she was NOT LOW ENOUGH YET, and did not know it. Having settled this matter, as she thought, entirely to her own satisfaction, Agnes busied herself in making plans and arranging excursions, so as to make the most of their well-earned vacation. They had returned from one of these trips, a few days after the episode narrated above; Agnes had flung herself down into one of those low, lounging chairs on the verandah, whilst Annie went up the High Street to make a few purchases. The strains of sweet music, made by the town band, floated up to her from the pier, and had the effect of sending her off into one of her reveries, from to be soon awakened from it by Annie bursting upon her with "Say, Ag! what do you think? We just heard that there is to be an Army open-air meeting held upon the sands to-morrow morning. Aren't you sorry we have planned to go and see the Smugglers' Cave? I did hear, too, that some "big gun" was coming down from London, and would lead it. I wonder who it can be?"

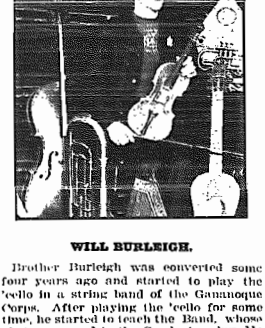
Flung Herself Down on a Chair.

Nothing very attractive about an open-air, you will say. Well, maybe; yet something seemed to say to Agnes, "Let the Smugglers' Cave wait," and as a result, the next morning found the two girls among the crowd that surrounded the band of Soldiers gathered together on the sandy beach. The expected "big gun" did not turn up, but nobody minded. It was a lively meeting—the happy, smiling, sunburnt faces, and the bright testimonies lifted Agnes almost to the seventh heaven of delight. As she stood there, with her little Auxiliary pin, shining out brightly from the lapel of her walking coat, so interested did she become, that when a lull came in the testimonies, she surprised herself and amazed Annie, by stepping forward, and in a clear, ringing voice, testified to God's saving grace, and thus broke the ice, and made way for the plunge she was to take when she reached home again. Like a true Salvationist, the Captain did not close his meeting without doing some personal fishing around the ring, and Agnes watched and admired his earnestness. How little did she think that even at that moment another sharp-pointed shaft was being prepared for her heart, and soon to reach its mark.

He had travelled pretty well around the ring talking to one here and another there, until he reached the spot where our two friends stood, and touching Agnes lightly on the arm, said to her, in a low tone, as she turned to him, "Ought you not to be an Officer?"

(Continued).

A GANANOQUE MUSIC MAKER.



WILL BURLEIGH.

Brother Burleigh was converted some four years ago and started to play the 'cello in a string band of the Gananoque Corps. After playing the 'cello for some time, he started to teach the Band, whose photo appeared in the Cry last spring. He not only plays his instruments, but he has made his violin and two guitars. He is a proper Salvationist and has just been transferred from a white-shirt and choker to a proper red guernsey. We are trusting that he will soon see that his work in Gananoque is finished and that he is needed elsewhere in God's vineyard. God bless him.—J. T. Funnell, Reg. Cor.

The Juniors' Annual.

Great Advances—Interesting Statistics — Palmerston's Library — Fredericton's Demonstration —Action Drills, etc.

LISTOWELL, ONT.

Monday evening we held our Junior Soldier Annual. There were twenty-three children on the platform. They did their part well. The audience seemed delighted. Finances were very good considering the small crowd. The weather was unfavorable. We have three Junior Soldier Sergeants.

SUDBURY.

At our Junior Soldier Annual we had sixteen Juniors on the platform and the people were much impressed with the meeting. 65 Seniors and 20 Juniors took part in the open-air demonstrations. We have two Junior Soldier Sergeants.

BLENHEIM.

Saturday night, Ensign Andrews gave a Lantern Service. Sunday was the Junior Soldier Anniversary. About twenty Juniors headed the march, ranging from five to twelve years of age, the girls wearing white sashes and the boys red. Monday night was the Jubilee, with songs and recitations, and exercises. Every one performed their part well, much to the credit of the Captain. Two little girls were so small that they had to be placed on chairs. The Band discoursed fine music. Altogether, it was a success in point of numbers and finances. Twelve souls since the SIEGE started.

Ina Groom, Cor.

PETERBOROUGH.

The Juniors' demonstration came off victorious. The Juniors sang and recited splendid; the people were delighted. On Sunday afternoon there was about thirty children on the march, each one wearing white and yellow sashes; the platform was a grand sight. Monday night also was a grand time. We believe sinners were led to think of their condition while listening to the children. About seventy children took part in the meetings. Total financial receipts were $6.67. Total open-air attendances of Soldiers during Junior Soldier Demonstration, 131. Number of Junior Soldier Local Officers, 10.

Yours in the J. S. War,
EMMA MAY LANG,
J. S. Treasurer.

AURORA.

The Children's Annual on Monday was well attended and well appreciated. The children went through their drills very promptly and attentive. The people were delighted with the meeting and said it was the best they ever had. If you want to see the Company drill, come to Aurora. God is blessing us wonderfully and giving us success with the children. Twenty-two children were present. We have four Junior Soldier Sergeants.

SUSSEX, N.B.

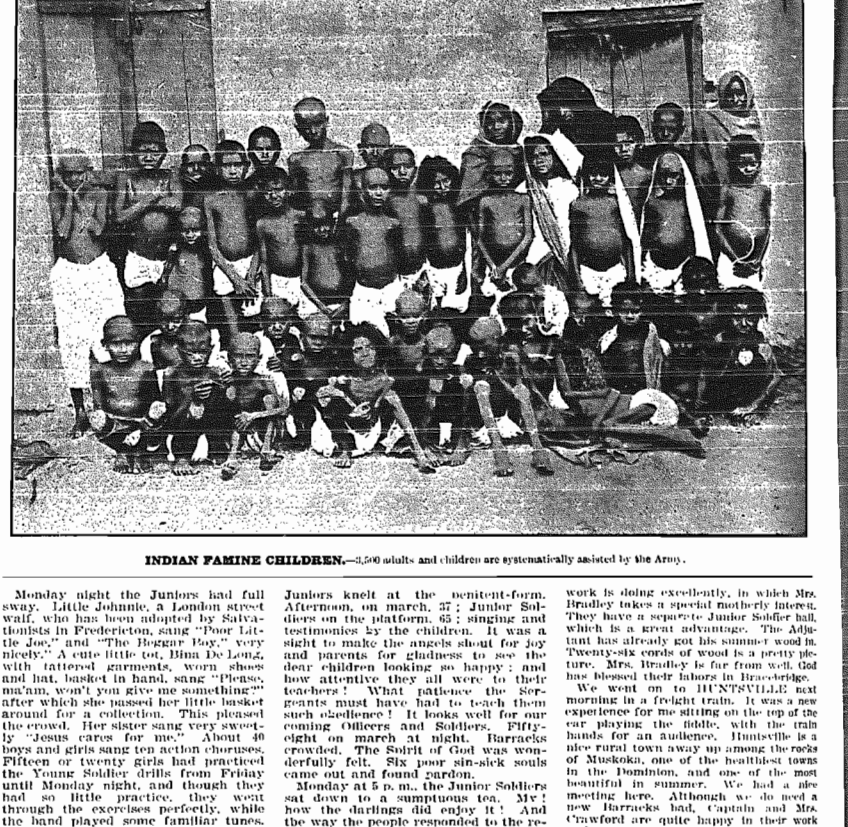
Children's Jubilee: large crowd; the children did well; took in $15 last Sunday; good meetings all day; one soul at night.—W. Lamont, Captain.

GALT'S 13th ANNIVERSARY.

Staff-Captain Turner led the most successful meetings ever held in the history of the Galt Corps. Ensign McKenzie deserves great credit for the success of the meetings. The Band was out in full force and never played better. Soldiers numbered fifty on the platform; seats that had been stacked in one corner were taken down and used. Sergeant-Major Beacroft, Brothers Wolfe and Moore, of Brantford, are Blood and Fire Soldiers. We would like to have them come again soon. The Devil tried to upset our half-night of prayer, but was not successful; we had a downright proper Blood and Fire Hallelujah time. Sixteen souls got the victory and many others were revived. Since our Anniversary, ten more souls have cried for mercy. One sister, after pleading with God for some time for liberty, started a chorus on her knees, arose to her feet clapping her hands, and kissed all the sisters. Then we all had a hallelujah wind-up. Even Treasurer MacDougall was moved by the Spirit.—Joe.

WELL DONE, FREDERICTON.

On Sunday afternoon, about thirty-five children sat on the platform. During the meeting they sang six or eight action choruses, clapping their hands, and marking time with their feet, then pointing and looking upward, they sang, "My Beautiful Home," and kneeling with hands clasped and eyes heavenward, they sang, "Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge." A quartette and duet were sung by some girls.



INDIAN FAMINE CHILDREN.—3,500 adults and children are systematically assisted by the Army.

Monday night the Juniors had full sway. Little Johnnie, a London street waif, who has been adopted by Salvationists in Fredericton, sang "Poor Little Joe," and "The Beggar Boy," very nicely." A cute little tot, Bina De Long, with tattered garments, worn shoes and hat, basket in hand, sang "Please, ma'am, won't you give me something"; after which she passed her little basket around for a collection. This pleased the crowd. Her sister sang very sweetly "Jesus cares for me." About 40 boys and girls sang ten action choruses. Fifteen or twenty girls had practiced the Young Soldier drills from Friday until Monday night, and though they had so little practice, they went through the exercises perfectly, while the band played some familiar tunes.

A cross was erected on the platform, covered with evergreens, and a crown of thorns placed on it. Seven girls stepped forward, one by one, and hung different colored flowers on the cross, saying an appropriate verse as they did so. The first girl removed the thorns; then three smaller girls scattered flowers at the foot of the cross. It was quite impressive. Altogether, the jubilee was much enjoyed by all.

TOPSY.

GANANOQUE.

GANANOQUE Juniors truly entered into the Demonstrations with all their heart, and have made it one of the grandest of entertainments we have had in our Barracks. The total attendance for the Demonstration was 380; Juniors on platform, 35; open-air, 15; financial receipts, good; pronounced it the best yet. We have no commissioned Junior Soldier Sergeants but two Soldiers act in that capacity, besides Captain and Lieutenant. Would like to mention in particular the drill by ten girls.—J. T. Funnell.

NORWICH.

Though our Junior work is up-hill, thank God for five on the platform Sunday. Attendance and collections about average.—H. P. Alkman.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

PALMERSTON.—Our special meetings in connection with the Junior Soldier Annual began with a Service of Song on Good Friday and ended with a Juniors' Jubilee on Monday night. The attendance for the week-end was about double, and the income over four times the average. The children had a splendid programme, which was well rendered, to the delight of everybody, the parents in particular. One Soldier sold no less than fifty tickets and a good many Juniors sold over a dozen each. The Juniors' share of the proceeds will cover all expenses of prizes, etc., and leave a balance tward increasing our library, which at present numbers eighty books.

LISGAR'S J. S. ANNUAL.

We started off by marching at 6.30 headed by part of the band. Fifteen were on the march, and thirty-seven at knee-drill. One soul got his sins washed away in the Blood of the Lamb. Junior Soldier meeting 9. a. m., seven Juniors knelt at the penitent-form. Afternoon, on march, 37; Junior Soldiers on the platform, 65; singing and testimonies by the children. It was a sight to make the angels shout for joy and parents for gladness to see the dear children looking so happy; and how attentive they all were to their teachers! What patience the Sergeants must have had to teach them such obedience! It looks well for our coming Officers and Soldiers. Fifty-eight on march at night. Barracks crowded. The Spirit of God was wonderfully felt. Six poor sin-sick souls came out and found pardon.

Monday at 5 p. m., the Junior Soldiers sat down to a sumptuous tea. My! how the darlings did enjoy it! And the way the people responded to the request of our worthy Sergeant-Major, Minnie Craig, for something in the way of food, showed how they appreciated the good work that was being done among the Juniors. Some of the parents have spoken of the change in their children since they have been attending the Junior Soldier meetings.

We have a general attendance of 90 every Sunday. Some of the Juniors have been the means of bringing their parents to God. Number of Juniors on platform, 85, of which a number sung solos and recited. Mrs. Major Read gave a stirring address on the Junior Soldier work and prophesied a grand future for the children. Congregation numbered 589, about two hundred above the average. Total financial receipts, $9.10. Total attendance of Soldiers during the Junior Soldier Demonstration, 85; number Local Officers, six.

S. McFarland, Corps Cor.

A Chancellor's Wanderings.

28 Cords of Wood—Fiddling in a Freight Train.

I HAVE RECENTLY VISITED some Corps in the Province and conducted very sucessful meetings. At OSHAWA, Adjt. Hay and myself spent a week-end. The meetings were good; two souls; splendid crowds; interest very good. Several real good cases of conversion have occurred here, which has revived things. The platform was overcrowded. The Band is doing real well, considering what Oshawa has gone through. It is certainly gratifying to see such a Corps of Blood and Fire Soldiers and such interest in the town. Captain Young and Lieutenant King have done well here.

WHITBY Anniversary was next. A beautiful Tea. Meeting was held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall. Oshawa Band and Soldiers drove over and assisted. Adjutant Maltby, the District Officer, was also in evidence. Whitby is struggling along and looking up. Captain Tinney is in charge.

I spent a very happy week-end with Adjutant Bradley at BRACEBRIDGE. This is a proper Salvation Army Town. The crowds were splendid. They have a platform full of Soldiers. The Juniors' work is doing excellently, in which Mrs. Bradley takes a special motherly interest. They have a separate Junior Soldier hall, which is a great advantage. The Adjutant has already got his summer wood in. Twenty-six cords of wood is a pretty picture. Mrs. Bradley is far from well. God has blessed their labors in Bracebridge.

We went on to HUNTSVILLE next morning in a freight train. It was a new experience for me sitting on the top of the car playing the fiddle, with the train hands for an audience. Huntsville is a nice rural town away up among the rocks of Muskoka, one of the healthiest towns in the Dominion, and one of the most beautiful in summer. We had a nice meeting here. Although we do need a new Barracks bad, Captain and Mrs. Crawford are quite happy in their work and are meeting with success.

We stayed for a meeting in BARRIE, an old battle-ground of ours. We spent twelve happy months stationed here. A good crowd turned out, and we had a nice meeting, but no conversions. Adjutant Hughes and Captain McDougal hold the fort.

J. WATSON.

Books and Papers Wanted

FOR THE

RESCUE HOME LIBRARIES.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER is extremely desirous that the Rescue Homes should be as homelike as it is possible to make them. To this end, she wishes to establish a small library in connection with every Home in the Territory, so that in the girls' recreation hours they may have instructive and edifying literature to read, also the former inmates, who occasionally spend the evenings in the Home, would have the benefit.

The Commissioner would be grateful to any friends who will send new or second hand good literature to the Matrons of the various Homes. We give the address of each one:

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEWART, 46 Jamieson Avenue, Toronto.

STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN, Riverview Avenue, London S., Ont.

ENSIGN JOST, 65 Elliot Row, St. John, N. B.

ENSIGN HOLMAN, 11 Plateau Street, Montreal, Que.

ENSIGN BECKSTEAD, 486 Yonge Street, Winnipeg, Man.

ADJUTANT McDONALD, 14 Church Street, Halifax, N. S.

ENSIGN ELLERY, 18 Pennywell Street, St. John's, Nfld.

ADJUTANT WARD, 766 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ont.

ENSIGN JORDAN, 119 Wentworth Street, Hamilton, Ont.

ENSIGN LANGTRY, Rodney Street, Helena, Mont.

ENSIGN MILNER, 317 Bernard Street, Spokane, Wash.

Yours seeking the lost,
BLANCHE READ,
Women's Social Secretary.

THE WAR CRY PLATFORM.

An Address to Our Officers by Major Sharp, Provincial Officer, East Ontario, on

Some Vitally Important Matters.

"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

THE WORLD charges the Christians for not doing their duty, in not rising up to their opportunities, and often this is true, for the Christian very often goes cadging and leaves the work undone. Not only does the world charge the Christian, but the Saviour does Himself, and declares that the people of the world are wiser than the people of God. Now the question that rises in our minds is: Wherein is the world wiser? We talk about being dead to the world, separated from it and love not even the things of the world, yet there are many good points that it would pay the Christian to copy and put them into practice, in the spiritual world. This being done, I am sure it would bring about a revolution and make the world better.

Attractiveness.

Look at the store-keeper. See how he decorates his store to catch the eye of the public! Everything is bright and cheerful, all to entice the people to step in and purchase his goods. See the saloons! How nicely they are painted and burnished! all to catch the eye of the passers-by. Once inside they have caught them. Their money and reputation soon go and they become a slave to the appetite of drink. The saloon-keeper is satisfied to ruin one soul at a time; open day and night for that very purpose. See the wisdom they put in their business! they do not rest contented in having two or three large saloons in the centre of the city, but on every prominent street corner you will find a bar-room there. What a lesson we can learn from this? Why should an Officer rest contented in merely holding one meeting each night in the Barracks when he has got 70 or 100 Soldiers? It is impossible to get them to come every night, or even the crowd all the year round. It is for us, then, to arrange and go where they are to be found. Six or eight prayer-meetings could be held at different parts of the town, even if only ten or fifteen people attended each place. Look at the power of good this would accomplish! We transact business for eternity. Let us put our heart and soul into the work and do it well for God. Sometimes we see a Barracks in a dilapidated condition; old bills hang round the walls, both inside and out; mottoes black with dust; windows broken and patched with paper; lamps without a glass and very dusty seats. All this can be altered if we copy the wisdom of the world. Let the door-keeper be attractive, with a kind word for each one as they pass in; the Orderly Sergeant see that they get into a seat near the front, with a "God bless you!" and a warm shake of the hand as they leave the building. This will leave the impression upon their minds that we are interested in their welfare. Keep the hall bright and cheerful, well-lighted and ventilated if at all possible. Aim at having the meetings full of life and God, so that something should be done to persuade them to decide for righteousness.

Diligence.

Solomon states that "the slothful man is brother to him that is a great waster, but the substance of the diligent man is precious in the way of righteousness."

The business man who succeeds in the world does so by hard work; pushing and scheming while others are idle. He does not succeed by going to his store and taking it easy, saying: "If I sell I will sell, and if I don't, then I can't help it." No! he advertises in the Press, sends thousands of dodgers round the town, puts up local announcements and pushes his goods upon the people, so that many who went down street with a full purse and intending only to spend a few cents, come home with it empty, but having goods instead. The merchant states it's a healthy sign when he can push his business in this way. Why can't we have the same diligence and push in the spiritual world? No revival will take place at your Corps; no debts will be cleared off; the War Crys will be left unsold, unless you have got some real hard work behind your good desires and plans that you have for victory. Just think of some Officers getting their "Crys" on Wednesday, but leave them lie around until Saturday afternoon; then, because it was raining, they write you an excuse saying how sorry they were that they were not able to sell their Crys. At the same time other Officers have sold out, simply because they have worked up a certain number of customers and as soon as they receive the Crys they push them upon the people, who are glad to get them in the middle of the week instead of Saturday.

Again, some Officers are blessed by winning souls, but they fail to visit them until a week or ten days is passed by, then they are surprised to learn that those who once professed to be saved have gone back to the world. These things occur by the one at the "helm" not being diligent in business. It is the Officer who is alive to the situation who makes the progress in the Corps and gets a "move on" in everything he undertakes to do. He is a blessing to all around him. "Prosperity" is the word written upon his work. He shines down here for God and souls, in Heaven will shine as the stars.

Earnestness.

"The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up," said David, and we want more of that experience in the hearts and lives of God's people to-day; for the time has come when we do not expect to accomplish any great success, in any department in life, without intense earnestness. Nothing is gained by half-hearted effort. Warmth predicts life, growth and advancement; but coldness is a prophecy of failure. A lukewarm person will do nothing for God, but is simply a tool in the hands of the devil. The professional men and merchants who are successful in business are those who have consecrated their lives to making their business go. They put their hearts and souls into it. The result is they succeed where others fail and become bankrupt.

When this principle holds good in a worldly sense, how much more should it be in the spiritual? The half-hearted Officer or Soldier brings nothing to pass! Everything seems to be an impossibility to them and nothing can be accomplished. Their talk is, "It is impossible to do this and impossible to do that," but as soon as you send a live person in to do the seeming impossibilities, the difficulties all disappear. Oh! it is a red-hot religion that God and the Army wants. If we can only get people to put the same earnestness into the spiritual as they put into the temporal, we should have a revolution in a very short time. Look at the racer, the fighter, or the soldier! See the effort and the work they go through, all to gain an earthly reward! Should not those who have to win immortal souls be as tremendously concerned? The cry of the hour is not for cold-hearted warriors, but for out-and-out Soldiers of the Cross, whose hearts are all aglow with the "Fire of the Holy Ghost." If the tide of wickedness is to be driven back, sin and the devil to be defeated, the Kingdom of Heaven and righteousness reign in their place, it will be done mainly by those who are really in earnest. Are you as earnest as you ought to be? If not, I urge you now to seek the "earnest of the Spirit" of the Lord, and then shall you be able to say with David, "The zeal of God's house hath eaten me up."

J. D. SHARP.

Winnipeg Shelter.

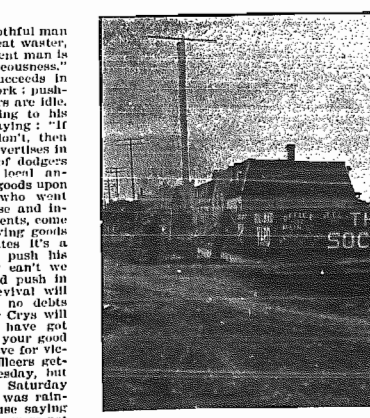
'RAH FOR WINNIPEG!

Men's Social Reform Branch a Brilliant Success—Statistics that Tell the Story.

By MAJOR BENNETT, Provincial Officer.

THE FOLLOWING are a few facts and figures about the Winnipeg Shelter since it was opened, not quite two years ago. The War Cry readers will be able to see by this what a noble work the Army has been able to accomplish in this city, with the Men's Social work.

Meals supplied, 66,808.
Beds, 24,219.



Winnipeg Wood Yard.

Employment given in the Wood-Yard to 667 men.

Employment found for men outside, 247.

Meetings held at the Shelter, 126.

Men professed Salvation, 56.

Men picked up drunk on the street and put to bed, 188.

Meals given away free, 500.

Free dinners, not included in the above, to 200 men.

Number of men sent to the Hospital, 23.

Number of men received from hospital, 40.

Wood sold in our wood-yard, 856 cords.

Coal sold, 350 tons.

* * * *

The Shelter at the present time is doing a great business, about every bed is taken, and we are doing a rushing trade with the meals.

* * *

The Wood-Yard has doubled its business during the last six or seven months, and we have increased our plant for the same from $240 to $500 in that time. We have now in connection with our Wood-Yard two fine horses, with harness, waggons, and sleighs, for the same; we have also a fine cow which keeps the Shelter supplied with milk, and which is a great save to that institution.

* * * *

Men are being saved each week in the Shelter meetings, where we have some glorious times, and at the present time we have seven converts who take part in the meetings at the Barracks, and at home in the Shelter.

* * * *

Things are booming in the Men's Social Departments, both spiritually, and from a business standpoint.

Captain Alward is in charge of these social operations, and he is assisted by Captain Cheely and Lieutenants Frazer and Brown.

Captain Alward informs me that Brother Gill, a Soldier of the Winnipeg Corps, and Grace Before Meat Agent, has at the present time some 150 box's out in the city. This comrade is a very energetic worker with the Mercy Box, and sluce he has taken it up he has made it, by his own industry, a dashing success.

Eastertide at Guelph.

Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrations—Major and Mrs. Gaskin and Adjt. Dodd Leading.

Nearly two hours' ride, and here we are at the Royal City. As the train pulls into the Station, we hear a band playing, and sure enough come the well-known strains of "We shall conquer all." Outside the station we were greeted with tremendous volleys of welcome. Fall in—and away we march to the Market Square. My! What a crowd gathered round the ring. The Galt Band played! Several red-hot testimonies were given! The General Secretary ventured a few words of counsel and warning to the sinners, and then we march off to the Barracks. Splendid make-yourself-at-home, happy, holy, heavenly meeting inside good congregation. The Galt Band sang and played O K and no mistake. The knee-drill Sunday morning was an astonisher—over 40 present. It was simply Heaven on earth. Then, just to let the citizens know the Salvation Army had "risen with Christ," we had a march round the principal streets of the city.

The Holiness meeting was good, and resulted in one soul seeking pardon.

A fine crowd in the afternoon gathered. Adjutant Dodd talked about the Social Farm, and the good work done there.

Another nice crowd gathered at night, and although we had a real stiff fight with the Devil, victory crowned our efforts, three souls came to Jesus. 'Twas a beautiful sight to witness husband and wife kneeling side by side—hand in hand, seeking mercy.

Galt Band rendered efficient service all day, and the soldiers fought valiantly. The finances were excellent.

Monday afternoon we had a nice little Holiness meeting, followed by Banquet and Demonstration. Adjutant Pease, who had been at Brantford for the Sunday, assisted, also Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell and other Officers. We had a magnificent time! I ought to mention the children who took part on Monday night—they marched and sang while three of the elder girls went through some Indian club exercises very creditably indeed.

The meetings were considered the most successful held for years. The local papers gave good reports of the meetings, the "Mercury" devoting half a column to a report.

Captain and Mrs. Wakefield are hustlers, and God is blessing their efforts. In spite of difficulties, the Corps is prospering, and the future is bright. We shall not soon forget the happy time spent with the Royal City Comrades.

MAJOR GASKIN.

LEADING CONTENTS

For Officers' Announcements.

The FIELD COMMISSIONER at the Temple.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS to farewell from London, Ont.

'RAH FOR WINNIPEG; figures of the Men's Shelter.

AGNES MAYBURNE and THE SIGN OF THE CROSS; two very interesting Serial Stories.

MR. GOLDBUG, THE BANKER, by Major Milsaps, Editor of San Francisco War Cry.

Reports of the Juniors' Annual.

WAR CRY

BACK ON THE BRIDGE FOR GOOD.

JUDGING by Sunday's proceedings, the Field Commissioner's splendid recuperative powers have been in active operation since her previous appearance in public, for our leader had so far recovered strength as to undertake and carry through three addresses and stay through the long, hard tug for souls in the closing prayer-meeting of the day, a task truly calculated to use up the strength of the most robust. The Commissioner, however, came through alright except for the very natural exhaustion almost any one would be subject to after such a day's fight. We may now conclude, therefore, that the Commissioner is, by God's blessing, once more permanently on the bridge, and look forward to a programme of fighting for the Summer's Campaign which will be after the very heart of every one who is desperate for the glory of God in the Salvation of sinners.

—:o:—

"STEADILY MARCHING ON WITH THE BANNER WAVING O'ER US."

LONG before this Cry will have reached our readers, the Great Enrolment will have become a thing of the past; but the evidences of the victories won during the Siege, in the shape of consecrated men and women going about like our blessed Master "doing good," will still be with us, over a thousand strong at least. Exact figures we cannot at the moment furnish, but West Ontario enrolls 200, Central Ontario about 300, and, if the other Provinces total up at the same ratio, we should have fifteen hundred newly enlisted Soldiers as a result of the Siege. Glory be to God forever!

—:o:—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS PROSTRATED.

OUR brave, loyal and devoted Comrade, Brigadier Margetts, has fallen in the fight. A wire to the Field Commissioner resulted in the Chief Secretary's departure for London almost instantly. The Chief Secretary found the Brigadier in a very serious state, completely broken down in health and quite past all possibility of attending to business for some time to come. As announced elsewhere, the Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts will, therefore, farewell and go on rest till the Brigadier is able to take another appointment. Brigadier Margetts' successor has not yet been decided on, and the position will, therefore, remain open for a short time. Staff-Captain Turner will, however, assume immediate control, consult with and act on the advice of the Chief Secretary, who will devote a considerable amount of extra attention to the work of the West Ontario Province, and whose decisions on all important matters will be conveyed to those interested through the medium of Staff-Captain Turner. The Field Commissioner, in common with all who have known the long and honorable careers of Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts, is full of sympathy for both our Comrades, and they may rest satisfied that they have the loving condolences and prayers of their Comrades all over the Field, from Commissioner to Recruit. May the good Lord speedily raise up our dear brother to his accustomed health, and meantime sustain Mrs. Margetts in these days of trial. Thanks be unto God, HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

GOD HAS AND DOES BLESS HIM.

REFERRING to our beloved General's just-passed birthday, the British War Cry thus speaks: "How we love him to-day! The nearer we draw to him, the more closely we are able to watch his ceaseless toil and unequalled devotion to the cause which is dearer than life to every real Salvationist, the more fervently do we thank God for him. God bless our General, again we say, and help us every one to stand by him more loyally and follow him more closely and work out his plans more whole-heartedly than ever before, during the new year that is dawning for him. We will! Our General shall see that we are not waiting till his history comes to be written to really appreciate our God-sent leader. We value him now, while we have him, and nothing, we believe, will cheer his spirit to-day more genuinely than this repeated assurance from his people of our undying confidence and love."

—:o:—

OUR CRUISER UNDER ORDERS.

AMONGST the many extra special efforts in connection with the Summer Campaign is included a cruise of the steam yacht "William Booth," which leaves Toronto for a lengthy voyage on June 1st. Her progress will be watched with interest and we trust the mariners who go with her will be successful in winning many souls for the Saviour during the season.

—:o:—

STOP AND WARN THE PLEASURE SEEKING CROWDS.

MAJOR SHARP'S article in this issue is a word in season. Summer is rapidly approaching, and unless those responsible are alive and up-to-date, congregations indoors will dwindle in proportion to the height of the thermometer. A sweet, clean, well-ventilated and attractive hall is a prime necessity, and where that exists there is still room for the exercise of all the sanctified ingenuity we can muster, and even then it is to be feared thousands will chase the Pleasure-phantom unchecked and unwarned so far as the Salvation Army is concerned.

—:o:—

MONEY-MAKING.

MAJOR MILSAPS' article entitled "Cornered," is a word for the times, and not without interest and application to the Salvationist of to-day, for the "poor Salvationist" of this generation will, in many cases, develop into the well-to-do citizen of the next, as was the case with the Quakers and Methodists. This may not appear on the surface to all, but the qualities which go to make up Christian character are eminently calculated to make a man successful in business life, and will probably do so with Salvationists as with others. Money rightly used is a valuable talent, but the true Salvationist will take care that his money is made well within the limits prescribed by that part of the Royal Law, "THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

FAREWELL OF Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts

FROM WEST ONTARIO.

OWING to the very serious breakdown in Brigadier Margetts' health, the Field Commissioner has decided to relieve the Brigadier of every possible anxiety as to the Province by farewelling him and Mrs. Margetts on Thursday, May 13th. Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, will conduct the farewell Campaign at London on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, May 10th, 11th, 12th, and it is hoped that the Brigadier will have improved by that time sufficiently to enable him to appear in public for a few final words of farewell. Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts will rest in Toronto.

Great Self-Denial Victory

IN BRITAIN.

Last Year's Record put Entirely in the Shade.

THE TAKING-UP of the big Self-Denial Collection in Great Britain was put forward six months and has just been completed. Commissioner Coombs and his Officers have scored an extraordinary victory, the total amount raised going $10,000.00 over that of '96. Roughly speaking, the high figure reached is $125,000.00.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE GENERAL REPLIES

— TO —

THE BIRTHDAY MESSAGES

Sent Him from this Country and Others.

I MUST express my gratitude to my dear comrades who, from different parts of the world, have, by post and telegram, assured me of their continued love and loyalty, together with their prayers that my life may long be spared to lead them forward to victory.

In reply, while thanking them from the bottom of my heart, I send them my assurances of love and loyalty in return. My comrades can depend upon it that never did I rely upon them as much, and never did I trust them more than I do to-day.

Officers and Soldiers, you tell me to trust you. This, be assured, I do, and that without a faltering reservation, and you can trust your General to be loyal to you, to the dear old flag, to the death, to the Salvation Army: One, Universal and Indivisible.

Forward to grander conquests than ever!

Your affectionate General,

William Booth

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AT THE COMMISSIONER'S MEETING.

"I don't mind getting saved, but to join the Army and put on a Hallelujah bonnet, I couldn't!"

EVERYBODY SING!

The Dear Old Song.

Tune.—"Draw me nearer." B. J., 14, 2.

1 There's a dear old song that I love to sing,
So delightful, sweet and good;
'Tis the one which thousands of saints oft' sing,
Call'd the "Fountain filled with Blood."

Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! Help me now to sing
Of the precious, crimson flood;
Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! Help me now to sing
Of the "Fountain filled with Blood."

Up in Heaven above, round the Shining Throne,
There's a countless multitude
Who have washed their robes and made them white
In the "Fountain filled with Blood."

There are thousands, too, in your ranks to-day
Who on hell's dark brink once stood;
But now they are washed, and, rejoicing, sing,
"There's a Fountain filled with Blood."

Oh, that every sinner within this place
Now, in downright earnest, would
Just arise and come, at the Saviour's call,
To "the Fountain filled with Blood."

—:o:—

Do Not Wait.

Tunes.—Whither pilgrims, B. J., 69, 5; You never can tell, B. J., 13, 3; Turn to the Lord, B. J., 77, 1.

2 Sinner, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow,
Do not wait until to-morrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you—
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, ere you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures
Were they more than tongue can tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul when sunk in hell?

—:o:—

Searching Light.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades dear, B. B. 9; Come on, my partners, B. J., 190, 1; Willoughby, B. J., 169, 1; Praise, B. J., 143, 1.

3 The Throne of Grace I visit still,
But do I want to hear Thy will,
And wait for fresh supplies?
I pray, but is it from the soul?
I bring my gifts, but is the whole
A willing sacrifice?

Lord, do I truly love Thy Word,
And prize the treasures Thou hast stored
Within Thy wond'rous Book?
Is it the lamp it used to be
Unto my feet when, helped by Thee,
Sin's ways I first forsook?

Upon my lips are songs of praise,
I sing Thy songs—a thousand ways
They've brought me help and joy;
But do the words come truthfully,
Or does a lie escape from me
When I such songs employ?

Dear Lord, I thank Thee, searching light
Has reached my soul, and by Thy might
To life renewed I rise.
I leave the past, I forward press
To God-like life; for nothing less
My craving spirit cries.

MAJOR SLATER.

—:o:—

Not Yet too Late.

Tunes.—Stella, B. J., 25, 3; St. Catherine's, B. J., 219, 4; Mammouth, 222, 3.

4 As days and moments have gone by,
With chances of Salvation lost,
How often thou hast heard the cry,
"Come, cast thy soul at Jesu's Cross!"

Remember, thy last chance is near,
Now for the Judgment Day prepare!

How awful in the dying hour,
When heart shall fail and flesh decay,
Left in the grip of Satan's power,
Then it will be too late to pray!
Oh! ere thy chances all are gone,
Come to the Cross whilst still there's room.

Though thou hast kept thy heart's door closed
Against the Spirit's pleading voice,
Still, even now 'tis not too late
To make an everlasting choice
Of Christ, whose precious blood was given,
To make thee meet to enter Heaven.

D. T. THOMAS.

WINDING UP OF THE SIEGE.

Miss Booth

LEADS ON ALL DAY AT THE TEMPLE.

Splendid Congregations, Blessing, and Victory.

HEELINGS of deep thankfulness took possession of the heart of Toronto Salvationism yesterday—a glimmer of joy that forced its way into the eyes and expressed itself somewhat in the words of the warriors present. The reason for the additional ring of happiness which rang through the day's proceedings at the Temple is not far to find—for once more the troops were actively led in contest by the Field Commissioner. As she said herself, "I've been in the tent for a time with my martial cloak round me, but I am

In Full Armor Again,"

True. It was not her first appearance since her sickness, for there was that other Sunday a fortnight back when, bravely battling against the utmost weakness, she pushed past hands that would fain have held her back, and spoke thoughts of tenderness and truth which can never be forgotten by those who heard them. But then her words had been necessarily few, nor had it been possible for her to personally plead with sinners as was her wont. Yesterday, while it could not demonstrate weakness of body absolutely conquered, spoke plainly of returning strength—strength which was taxed to its utmost limit during the day's engagement, and which, with God's blessing and nightly aid, produced an impression upon the consciences of the crowd which will be indelible.

There had been faith exercised in the day's meetings—that was plainly indicated by the far-reaching, deep-toned singing of the morning's opening song. Over and over again we sang it till the flame of the blessed refrain

"And I believe His Blood can never fail,"

warmed again the faith of each soul that had any trust at all. And since that faith is the

Most Infectious of All Christian Graces,

many a discouraged doubter began to pluck up heart at the prospect of a brighter and a better future. "Thank God for such a faith," cried the Commissioner, and hearts echoed back, "Amen!"

"A Heavenly Meeting,"

was the height of Mrs. Major Jewer's petition, "one in which while the Commissioner speaks, God shall speak also, and where souls shall gain a perfect deliverance." The keynote struck, the meeting followed in harmony therewith.

"Staff-Captain Minnice will sing a favorite song of mine," said the Commissioner, as we rose from our knees; "he has chosen another, but he is going to sing this."

"As I am before Thy face," is never sung without results and speedy ones. We felt them in our hearts as we repeated again those inspired words, "All I want and all I feel, Lord, let me come." Every line of the grand old verses fitted some soul. "This will just suit a heart here," said the singer with the words, "As I am so tired of strife," and some one's tempestuous heart was stirred by a fierce storm of feeling.

The collection followed soon after, with some pointed remarks about generous giving and some humorous announcements of a forth-coming meeting, but the concentration was not disturbed. The keynote was not only caught but kept to, and there were

No Such Things as Interruptions.

BANDMASTER KENNING, Leader of the Famous Headquarters Staff Band.

This face will readily be recognized by many readers as that of Ensign Kenning, the saved Man-o'-war's-man and Irish soloist, whose sanctified and powerful singing is quite a feature in many of the Field Commissioner's meetings. When he shouts "Glory!" the whole audience moves.

"Her old self," was the delighted verdict as the Commissioner, Bible in hand, rose to meet the necessities of souls, for her words of entreaty and inspiration were full of the fire which has always characterized her efforts. Hearts as well as minds have made precious memories already of much that she said.

"If you want to pepper the world with Salvation, if you want to halt the crowd of God-forgetters, shower as many flowers of kindness, strew as many kind looks as you possibly can. It is her kindness by which we best remember our mother. She might have been clever, but we think of her as one who took the wing of the chicken and left us the breast, whose ear it was to whom we brought our faults and failings and shortcomings. And never one of her tender looks has died! No, because," and here the Commissioner started the old child-chorus, "Kind words can never die." No foot moved to go out as the chorus was once softly sung, but some

Tears Trickled Down.

It was a side-light upon the subject, but the lesson of kindness is the one which will be most remembered by many in that morning's meeting.

Some sharp home-thrusts followed—not only the blessings that might be given, but the evils to be cast out were lit up as by electricity to many a heart that was marked by sin's spots.

Exhausted by the strain of her long and earnest words, the Commissioner knelt to pray for the crowd, but not before one volunteer—a weeping woman—had crept to the front. She was followed by three others.

The theme of the afternoon's meeting was sung in Ensign Kenning's song, "O wonderful love." Intense feeling and holy joy marked the platform as the words rolled out. Adjutant Manton's exhuberance reached

Bursting Point

—the singer was not far behind.

The Commissioner's address brought the all-embracing capacity of Salvation before the most burdened soul. Her illustration of salvation as of a river whose waters were deep enough to float souls with all burdens of sorrows and sins, enforced the glorious truth of the possible Salvation of every sinner by the virtue of the Cleansing Blood into the convictions of all present. There could be no question left about the stains of years being too deep or the cares of hearts too heavy for the knowledge of Salvation.

A splendid crowd thronged the Temple at night. They were serious. From the very beginning a holy influence seemed to take possession of even the most reckless and unearing. From the moment when over the bending people floated the song—"Prepare to meet your God," a sense of the nearness of eternity, with its responsibilities and claims, began to stamp itself upon the thoughts and feelings of many. This was not lessened by the solemn solo which followed of the scene of the judgment day.

Yet there was some joy in the meeting, and very real joy. The saints' blessed eternity was pictured by the Commissioner, until many fancied that they could almost hear the rush of the wings, catch the harmony of the music, and see

The Glittering of Golden Crowns.

At mention of the golden slippers, Kenning, the irrepressible, took a flying leap into the air.

Then the Commissioner showed the other side—the dark one, which must always appear to the unwashed soul—what another world must mean to the unrighteous, and

Sinful Spirits Shivered

as she exclaimed, "It's not the sin in itself so much, but what it leads to." The deadly nature of wrong-doing, in whatever extent or character, was remorselessly exposed. Some one had asked the Commissioner the other day what harm there was in only a "drop." "There is always harm in a drop of what damns!" was her answer. The Commissioner brought before the realization of all the widely differing but equally great influences of a spotless or a sinstained character.

"No! I don't want to be saved!"

"No One can go to Heaven Single File,"

said our leader, speaking with the vigor of a strong desire, although her frame was well-nigh spent after the efforts of the day, "and," she continued, "neither can any one go to hell without taking some one with them."

A weight of conviction rested on the crowd as the Commissioner's burning words ceased. Hearts were furrowed deep by the plough of conscience. A keen, though unseen conflict was disturbing many. The prayer-meeting that followed was

No Sham Fight

but a real hand-to-hand tussle with the powers of darkness. Souls were already smitten by the convincing Spirit of God, and seeing the determination and devotion with which the men and women of God, inspired by the example of their leader, threw themselves into the battle for others' salvation, hell's forces did their utmost to defeat God's purposes with the crowd. There were many, alas, who stifled their sobs of sorrow for sin, and who pushed out of their path the barrier of another chance of pardon—but not all, for our faith was rewarded by some, who pressed their way through everything and sought and found deliverance from all sin. Many years of wrong-doing were brought to the feet of the great Sin-Bearer at the penitent-form that night, and spirits long unstirred were quickened by conviction's touch.

Amongst the fishers in the late battle, moved the Commissioner. Although still struggling against great physical weakness, she was wonderfully and Divinely upheld during the day, special strength seeming to be granted, enabling her to deliver messages of living truths and to pour out the hot desires of her own heart for the Salvation of the people.

The Chief Secretary and the Headquarters Staff were to the front all day, assisting by their presence, endeavors and active faith. The scarlet-clad members of the Staff Band fought unflinchingly.

Once more the people of Toronto have had a proof that the Commissioner is glad upon its battle-ground to spare no effort to bring about the spiritual well-being of its citizens, and once more have Toronto people themselves given evidence in person, by breathless attention and by their sympathy how much they appreciate those efforts.

The last Sunday of the Siege will be remembered as a red-letter occasion at the Temple. P.

Deeply interested.

There was lost in the Temple recently a small brown-covered Bible with "A present to Janet Phillips from her Grandfather, 1867," on the fly leaf. The book is the property of Mrs. Grant, who values it much for its associations. Will the finder kindly hand same to the Editor. A reward will be given.

WHAT you want is to choose a life where all day long, and in all your commonest duties, you can honor Jesus.

Battle Bulletins

BLOOMFIELD, ONT.—Meetings yesterday very good; God is working in our midst.—Peter, a Servant of God.

GLENWOOD (Barrie District).—Since our last report we have still been fighting on in the strength of God, and gaining the victory. W. H. Rawn, Sec.

OAKVILLE.—Last night, after a very hard fight, two souls fell at the feet of Jesus and cried for mercy. Captain and Sergeant Hinton danced for joy. Lieut. H. Tytus.

WIARTON.—One soul left the ranks of the devil and got gloriously saved last night. Three Juniors got saved lately. Victory in selling our War Crys. Praise God. L. R.

ST. JOHN II.—God gives us victory; souls are being saved; large crowds of people attend the meetings; does us good to see so many people come to meetings; beats the record for attendance, souls and interest.—Pat.

PRINCE ALBERT Corps is advancing. We had the pleasure of the Major's company for four days. Crowds and collections were doubled. Three souls for the week. Glory to God! Lieutenant Hall.

MILES CITY, MONT.—There are signs that the parched ground will soon become a pool, and that we shall have the desire of our hearts in the turning of precious souls from nature's darkness.—John Keeney, Captain.

DILLON, MONT.—The fight is still raging here; many are under deep conviction; no surrender till they have yielded and found that the King is able to deliver them and can give them peace and satisfaction.—M. A. W.

BOWERY.—Easter Sunday, fifteen on 6 a. m. march. Good meetings all day. Adjutant Hay dedicated to God and the Army three dear children. Four children professed conversion in Juniors' meetings.—Wm. Cummins, Captain.

EMERSON.—Dead? No, nor yet sleeping! Lots of mud; lots of water; lots of devil, and victory, too. Hallelujah! Good time yesterday. One in the Fountain, making three since last report.—Arthur Wilkins, Captain.

TRENTON.—We have just had a visit from Adjutant Maltby for week-end. He entered the work from this Corps twelve years ago. A good time. We have a few specials for the enrolment, and the rest we are after. A. E. W. Coate, Captain.

THE BAPTIST MINISTER HELPED.

BRIGHTON.—We are still alive in Brighton. Soldiers on fire. Saturday night Baptist Minister to the front. Barracks crowded; many unsaved ones convicted. None yielded. We still believe for them.—Dora Meikle, Captain; Lillie DeWitta, Lieutenant.

ARNPRIOR.—We had Ensign Sims with us for the week-end—Saturday night, a large and attentive audience enjoyed the Lantern Service. Meetings good all day Sunday, especially at night. Three precious souls turned from sin.—M. Campbell, Reg. Cor.

MALONE, N. Y., (Huntington Outpost)—Sunday night's meeting good. About 9.15 a gentle Salvation breeze wafted two souls into the Fountain, while nine more consecrated themselves afresh for service. Only one Soldier in this town.—E. Comstock, Captain.

FREEPORT, N. S.—We have been having grand times here. Friday night a backslider cried to God for pardon and is now in the ranks. The Captain has been very sick. Lieutenant is in charge and Soldiers are fighting grand. J. A. Philips.

HELENA, MONT.—Had the Hallelujah Dutchman, Willie Arnold, for week-end; Graphophone broke, but fiddle O K; good crowds, one soul Saturday. Say, he can fiddle, can't he? Regular orchestra Saturday night; piano, Brother Lawrence; banjo, Lieutenant McFee; fiddle, little Willie Arnold.—Rogers, Reg. Cor.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Lantern Service conducted by Ensign Sims; good receipts at door; almost double last trip. String Band came on exceedingly wet and stormy night. Receipts about $20, almost double that of last tour. Debts gradually disappearing. One young man saved since last report; doing well; War Crys booming. Magee.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—I came to this place about four weeks ago. Since then we have seen sixteen souls come to Jesus. God is with us in power. Our Soldiers are all on fire. We are believing to have an enrolment soon, when many more will be added to our ranks as real Blood and Fire Soldiers. Captain Lottie McLean.

SUMMERSIDE.—Ensign Perry conducted a Lantern Service on Saturday night. Subject, The Torn Bible. On Sunday the meetings were led by the Ensign, assisted by Captain Sabine, Captain Green, and our own worthy leaders. Times of blessing all day. One soul professed to get right with God. Mattie Gamble.

BRANTFORD.—On every bill-board and in near every store-window in Brantford was a bill announcing the visit of Colonel Jacobs for Easter Saturday and Sunday; but on Saturday I received a telegram stating that sickness had prevented Colonel from coming, and Adjutant Pease would come instead.

Her Bible talks were food for the soul; her singing was good indeed, and her way of leading took hold of every one, and we wound up with four precious souls who found deliverance. Geo. H. Dowell, Adjt.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Winnipeg to the front. Good meetings all week. Captain Habkirk was with us Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. God is blessing us. The devil's kingdom is being torn to pieces. Three souls have been saved this week. Praise God! Monday night a Hallelujah wedding; Tuesday night we had a band concert, with good music and singing, and selections from the Band. We have just got our Barracks renovated, and in good trim for the fight. Cadet Lloyd.

VOLLEYS FOR THE GENERAL.

ST. JOHN'S I., Nfld—Sunday, beautiful meetings all day. God was with us in mighty power; sinners deeply convicted. At night five knelt at the Cross and found Christ. Praise God! Just about the close of the meeting the Ensign called the Soldiers to the front to fire three volleys for the General, as it was his birthday, which was let go with mighty force. God bless the General and spare him many more years to lead on this grand and noble work throughout the world!—J. A. R. for Ensign J. Miller.

HALIFAX I.—Grand united meeting at Dartmouth to welcome Major Pugmire and Staff-Captain Gage, who are on their way to Bermuda to inspect the work there. They received a real hearty welcome. We are always glad to have them with us. On Good Friday we had united meetings at Dartmouth of the City Corps, winding up with a Banquet and Jubilee at No. 1 Corps, which passed off very pleasantly, and was quite a help financially.

The Lord is moving upon the hearts of the unsaved, and two notable cases have been saved, one a great drunkard, and the other an ex-bartender, and are testifying to the fact night after night. May the Lord keep them faithful is our prayer.—Secretary Cashin.

LINDSAY.—Since last report five more souls have found pardon. We announced a musical meeting for Thursday night. Then appeared quite a resurrection of buried talent on that night. Many harps and violins which had been "hanging on the willow" were brought down and tuned afresh. Before we had entered on the musical part of the meeting, and just as Adjutant finished reading Rev. v. 9, a poor man, who had spent a long life in sin, got up and walked out to the Mercy-Seat. This, of course, brought on the prayer-meeting. God beautifully saved the poor man, and he was able to go in and enjoy the rest of the meeting and sit on the platform clothed and in his right mind.—Lieut. M. L. Smith.

MONTREAL I.

The famous East Ontario Province String Band spent Good Friday at Montreal I. The meetings all day were led by Major and Mrs. Sharp and Staff-Captain Hargraves. At night a large crowd listened to the grand Musical Festival, which was one of the best of its kind. Captain Bearchall's cornet and whistle solos took well. Our finances for the day were over $30.00, and at night we had the largest crowd for a long time. Lieutenant McNamee and her sister farewelled from the Band, the former going to Arnprior, and the latter home to Kingston. The Band is reinforced by Captain Bryan and Lieutenants McColl and Hodge. Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Bearchall conducted the meetings on Easter Sunday. We had beautiful crowds; good offerings, and closed with four souls in the Fountain, and on Monday night another one sought forgiveness of sins.—F. R. B.

NOW IN A SERIAL STORY.

THE

Sign of the Cross.

Chapter I.—Elsie's Resolve.

RICHARD WINTER was engaged to Maggie Anderson. All the town knew it, and considered it the natural and proper thing. For common rumor was thereby established, and Dame Rumor is nothing if not proud when her prophecies come true. So the prophets and prophetesses nodded, winked, half-smiled, and in dumb show approved of the match.

It is not yet a custom among the Scottish clans—lowland or highland, town or country—for congratulations to be extended to the interested parties on such occasions. They are in all things cautious—or proverbially so. There is a difference in the distinction. They have a saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and therefore the event was quietly and silently chronicled in the manner referred to by the good folks of Aberhaven.

Richard Winter was a rising journalist and had earned some considerable local notoriety by his keen, rapier-like attacks upon certain Bailies and Town Councillors. His contributions to the bi-weekly "Watchman," under the nom-de-plume of "Burns' Chief," were at once the dread and astonishment of the natives. Then, he was known to be the local Correspondent of a leading London newspaper, and next to being Provost, one could not possess higher worldly honor—well, we may add, as an exception, the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Richard Winter was also the energetic secretary of a literary and debating society, and captain of "The Castle Cricket Club." Nominally a member of the Free Kirk, was the one blemish on his otherwise respectable character that he did not take religion seriously. The deep thinkers of Aberhaven ascribed this failing to the nature of Winter's profession, and charitably assumed that the influence of Maggie Anderson would soon impart to him a more pious tone. This was especially desirable, as Maggie herself was considered a lassie far above the average in religious principle and devotion. Then, again, Winter's father was an elder of the Free Church, and, as for his sister, Elsie, she was far beyond her years in grace and knowledge of the Scriptures. Elsie Winter—Miss Winter, as she was styled on Sundays—was held up by all the Christian mothers of the town as a pattern for their daughters to follow.

Dick Winter's engagement hadn't been finally settled more than a month when our story begins at the house of Maggie Anderson, one winter's evening.

"This is Society night, Maggie, as you know, so," looking at his watch—it was then about half-past eight—"I must go. We are sure to have a hot time of it tonight. So I'll not call in on my way home. You will stop a bit longer, Elsie, and hear Maggie company," he said, turning to his sister.

Elsie did not answer her brother with her usual enthusiastic readiness, and something like a frown crossed her features. "Oh, yes, Dick, I'll do that. Maggie and I mak' shortsome freens, although I'm praying that, instead of debatin' and debatin,' some of these days ye'll tae daein' something for the salvation o' the poor."

Richard Winter laughed heartily at his sister's observation, and lifting his hat, approached Miss Anderson. He said, "Our Elsie, though good, is narrow, you know."

"An' what may be the subject, Dick, that's gaun tae widen ye oot the nicht?" There was a fine vein of satire in the way Elsie put the question.

"The Evolution of the Species," replied the brother, with just the suggestion of pride in his manner.

"An' what side are ye on?"

"Not the one I would prefer, Elsie—not at all, I assure you. I am going to be against the orthodox views of the genesis and history of man."

"Oh, how can ye, Richard, reconcile such hypocrisy wi' your conscience?"

Now, this was Elsie's great fault—in her brother's eyes. She were, forsooth, and he resented this insinuation in the presence of Maggie, and the "Good-night" which soon followed was anything but agreeable.

* * * * *

"For your sake, Maggie, I'm sorry I spoke to Dick," said Elsie, gently, after her brother's footsteps were no longer heard descending the stairs; "but ever since he began tae tak' up with this infidel society——"

"Oh, how can you call it 'infidel,' Elsie? Maggie interrupted. "It is a Literary Society, and Dick's work, you know, is literary."

"That's what they call it, my dear; but it's no' what it is. Still, that there may be no mistake aboot it, I'll gang and hear what they say, myself, 'tonight."

"But only men are admitted, Elsie!"

"Then I'll stand outside and listen."

"Will that be discreet, do you think?"

"My brother's soul is at stake, Maggie, and dear as I love peace, the conviction's growin' on me that God is callin' me to take up my cross. I'll follow Dick and know the truth; what we call discretion is often fear or pride."

And all that Maggie Anderson could do to persuade her to the contrary failed to impress Elsie Winter of her folly. With a holy, determined look lighting up her face, she imprinted a burning kiss on Maggie's lips, saying as she left the house, "It is as much for your sake as my Master's that I am duein' this. May God bless you, and go with me."

(To be continued).

Peterboro's Anniversary

Drove 1,800 Miles—Money Banked for Funeral Expenses—Secretary Bacon and Treasurer Butcher—A Red Coffin—35 Local Officers.

On Easter Sunday we conducted the anniversary meetings of this Corps, in addition to the Juniors' Annual Demonstration. Brother Ashley, from Sterling (a little place where the Army is not holding meetings at present) said he drove six miles three hundred times one year to the Army, and he hadn't got tired of it yet; he said he intended to live a Salvationist, and he wished to be buried one. He still wears the uniform, and I'm told that some time ago he had sufficient money laid away in the bank to take the Army Band to his place to give him an Army funeral.

Secretary Bacon said he was glad that he and five more of the family were Salvationists, and he was believing for more.

Treasurer Butcher said when he heard the Army was coming to Peterboro, although he was a sinner, he felt like welcoming them with both hands. He got saved shortly after the Army arrived, and has been a Soldier ever since. He desired when he died to have a red coffin, and have the Comrades sing Salvation songs all along the march.

Sergt. May Lang, who got saved when a Junior in the Junior Soldier meetings, said there was no better place for her, and that she loved the Junior Soldier work that she is still engaged in.

Mrs. Peacock said she had no regrets to make; she fell in love with the Army on their first arrival.

Sergeant-Major Michiel said that fourteen years ago he was saved in the Army in the town of Barrie; glad he is a Salvationist, thanks God for opportunities he has had to fight for Him.

We have been in Peterboro twelve years; 237 Soldiers have been enrolled; 14 have gone to Glory; 14 have gone in the Field as Officers; 9 have joined some church; 41 have been transferred or removed to other places; 106 have backslidden; 118 still remain on roll. We have a nice brass band of about 15 pieces, ten Junior Companies numbering about one hundred, and thirty-five Local Officers. God is still blessing the work, and we're going on in His strength to greater victories.—J. R. Wiseman, Adjt.

Territorialisms.

Peterboro Corps has ten Junior Soldier Local Officers.

Ensign Josh Jones has been appointed to Bracebridge.

Ensign Fletcher, of the Toronto Lifeboat Shelter, is very sick.

The Toronto Bowery Corps had a 6 a.m. march on Easter Sunday.

Mrs. Major Read specialled at Hamilton on Saturday and Sunday.

Lieutenant Forsyth, of Hamilton, Bermuda, is promoted Captain.

Palmerston Junior Soldier Corps has eighty volumes in their library.

Brother Lang, of the Woodstock, Ont., Corps, has been promoted to Heaven.

Major Gaskin and the Staff Band did a good Musical Meeting at the Temple on Thursday.

Chancellor Watson, says the Junior Soldier Annual in his Province was a decided success.

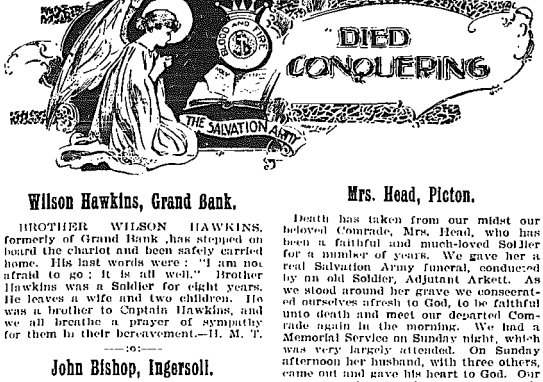
The Salvation yacht, "William Booth," sails on June 1st, on Salvation Army service for ——.

One hundred and four children professed conversion in the Central Ontario Province in March.

Adjutant Andrews, of Columbus, Ohio, says: "Things seem to be all alive here, and I like it very much."

Ensign Attwell, of St. Catharines, has been up to Headquarters on personal business in connection with—what!

Miss MacDonald, some time ago a stenographer at Headquarters and London, is now a Cadet in the Women's Shelter, Toronto, and assists at Headquarters.



Wilson Hawkins, Grand Bank.

BROTHER WILSON HAWKINS, formerly of Grand Bank, has stepped on board the chariot and been safely carried home. His last words were: "I am not afraid to go; it is all well." Brother Hawkins was a Soldier for eight years. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a brother to Captain Hawkins, and we all breathe a prayer of sympathy for them in their bereavement.—H. M. T.

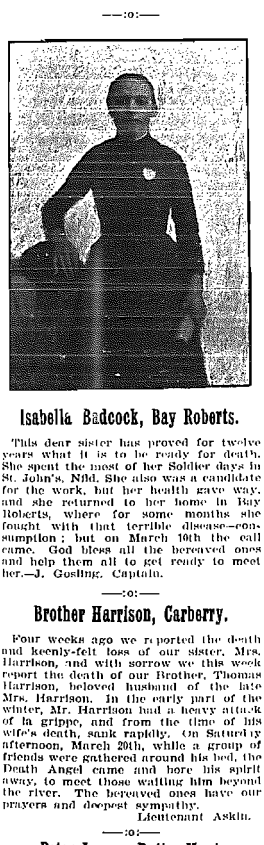
—:o:—

John Bishop, Ingersoll.

Brother John Bishop, Salvation Army convert and Band of Love member, was suddenly called to his reward. He was at prayer-meeting, and gave a definite testimony, in apparent good health, on Monday night. Next morning he went over the River. We miss our Comrade, but look forward to re-union "when the battle's over." At the Memorial Service three souls were saved.

Minnie Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

—:o:—



Isabella Badcock, Bay Roberts.

This dear sister has proved for twelve years what it is to be ready for death. She spent the most of her Soldier days in St. John's, Nfld. She also was a candidate for the work, but her health gave way, and she returned to her home in Bay Roberts, where for some months she fought with that terrible disease—consumption; but on March 10th the call came. God bless all the bereaved ones and help them all to get ready to meet her.—J. Gosling, Captain.

—:o:—

Brother Harrison, Carberry.

Four weeks ago we reported the death and keenly-felt loss of our sister, Mrs. Harrison, and with sorrow we this week report the death of our Brother, Thomas Harrison, beloved husband of the late Mrs. Harrison. In the early part of the winter, Mr. Harrison had a heavy attack of la grippe, and from the time of his wife's death, sank rapidly. On Saturday afternoon, March 20th, while a group of friends were gathered around his bed, the Death Angel came and bore his spirit away, to meet those waiting him beyond the river. The bereaved ones have our prayers and deepest sympathy.

Lieutenant Askin.

—:o:—

Peter Jesson, Butte, Mont.

Brother Peter Jesson, who fought by our side for years, was summoned home last Sunday evening, March 21st. He was one of the faithful ones, and in darkness as well as sunshine he was ever found at his post. The sinner will long remember his earnest pleadings with them to seek the world's Redeemer, and many a Comrade has been cheered and blest by his words. The funeral took place in the South M. E. Church, conducted by Ensign Cowan, assisted by Captains Ziebarth and Babington and Lieutenant Noble. There was weeping all over the building as the Soldiers spoke of his untired faithfulness.—Joe Tippot, for Ensign Cowan.

Mrs. Head, Picton.

Death has taken from our midst our beloved Comrade, Mrs. Head, who has been a faithful and much-loved Soldier for a number of years. We gave her a real Salvation Army funeral, conducted by an old Soldier, Adjutant Arkett. As we stood around her grave we consecrated ourselves afresh to God, to be faithful unto death and meet our departed Comrade again in the morning. We had a Memorial Service on Sunday night, which was very largely attended. On Sunday afternoon her husband, with three others, came out and gave his heart to God. Our prayers and sympathy go out towards the sorrowing husband and four little children.—M. Hill, Captain.

—:o:—

A Nanaimo Warrior Promoted.

Again the Death Angel has visited Nanaimo, and and taken from our ranks Sister Mrs. Stoney. About three years ago our Sister (then Miss Lizzie Booth) knelt at the penitent-form here, and ever since she has tried to walk in the steps of her Master. Eighteen months ago she was married to Brother Stoney, a Soldier of the Vancouver Corps. The young husband and the parents and brothers and sisters of the departed one are left to mourn her loss. They mourn, but not as those which have no hope, for when the summons came, she was ready to go. At the Memorial Service on Sunday night, one backslider returned to the fold.

BANDSMAN SLACK.

—:o:—

Mrs. Stonehouse, of Hamilton, Gone to Heaven.

For a long time dear Mrs. Stonehouse, of Hamilton, had suffered severe pain from cancer, but in her moments of extreme suffering and agony she bravely kept it to herself, not wishing to burden or worry those about her. It was on the 17th of April that the Lord plucked this ripe spiritual fruit. For some time her death was expected. She so strongly desired to be buried under the Army flag. Her desire was granted. Major Read happened to be in Hamilton conducting special meetings, and led the Funeral Service on the 19th. A big crowd of people filled the auditorium of the Citadel. The service was a solemn one, and God spoke very loudly to the unsaved. Sister Daniels and the Treasurer, (Brother Provost) spoke of her godly, consistent life. Her dear aged partner is most resigned, glorying in the fact that his wife was a good soldier, and also that it will only be a little while ere he follows her. Three female soldiers and three True Blue ladies carried the coffin. It was an impressive sight indeed. Her death is a loud call to the unsaved members of the family, and God will, through the death of their dear mother, work out some lasting good. Adjutant McLean conducted the service at the grave and members of the Foresters and True Blues were also present, as our departed sister belonged to these societies. They were very kind indeed.

—:o:—

Two Redeemed Ones Gone Higher.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

"THEY FOUND THAT EVEN IN HIS KINGDOM, MARY MAGDELENE'S A PLACE." The sting of death, which is sin, was far removed from the hearts of two of our dear girls, who have been called to pass through its chilling flood. When the river rolled up to their tired feet—the feet that had wandered far in folly's path—they met its cold waves fearlessly.

One of the two was saved through our Winnipeg Rescue Home. She was only nineteen. Two years previously had been saved, but drifted not only from the Christian path—but from the path of virtue.

With a weary heart, she heard in an adjacent town, of our Home in the Prairie City, and voluntarily came to us. She had been saved five weeks when she died.

She lost her sight for a week before she died, but recognized Ensign Beckstead's voice when near her. Her last words, spoken with great difficulty just before she passed away, were, "Oh, Ensign, I want to go to Jesus." She shortly after fell asleep in His love.

Her heart-broken mother took the remains of her erring but forgiven one to her home to bury her.

* * * *

About the other one, Adjutant Ward, of Ottawa, says: "The Death Angel has visited our Home and taken away one of our dear girls, Sophia ——, who wandered into our Home on the 21st of September, '96, with her little babe in her arms, which there seemed to be no other door open to recive her in her great need. From the time she came here up to the time of her last illness, she was very faithful in doing whatever work was given her to do, but the one thing most needful was neglected in Sophia's life as well as in many others. She had never been taught to believe it was possible for a soul to know His sins forgiven in this life, and thus the great matter of her soul's Salvation was neglected until the hand of affliction was laid heavy upon her. Then she, like many others, was glad to fly to a rejected Saviour, who willingly accepted her and so thoroughly changed her heart that she was able to testify that she was saved and going home to Heaven. She warned the other girls to be ready and not to put it off too long, and asked them to meet her in Heaven.

It was cheering to us, who stood by her bed-side, to hear her testify without a shadow of a doubt, that she was going Home. Her last words were, "I'm so tired, let me go."

"Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail or woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptness angels know.

This little verse I felt like singing when she was dying, but was too full to sing it, so I just send it to you.

COMING EVENTS.

COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

Will visit London, Ont., May 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, and conduct special meetings and an Officers' Council in connection with Brigadier Margetts' farewell.

ADJUTANT PEASE will conduct special meetings for Soldiers and Christians as follows: Yorkville, May 11th and 14th; Richmond Street, 18th and 21st.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Cobourg, May 6th; Brighton, 7th; Trenton, 8th, 9th; Belleville, 10th, 11th; Picton, 12th; Bloomfield, 13th; Deseronto, 15th, 16th; Napanee, 17th; Odessa, 18th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN J. W. ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Wallaceburg, May 6th; Port Lambton, 7th; Sarnia, 8th, 9th; Petrolea, 10th, 11th; Wyoming, 12th; Forest, 13th; Thedford, 14th; Watford, 15th, 16th; Kerwood, 17th; Strathroy, 18th; London, 19th, 20th; Stratford, 21st; Mitchell, 22nd, 23rd; Seaforth, 24th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN S. SCORELL (with Talking Machine) will visit: Lindsay, May 5th; Fenelon Falls, 6th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

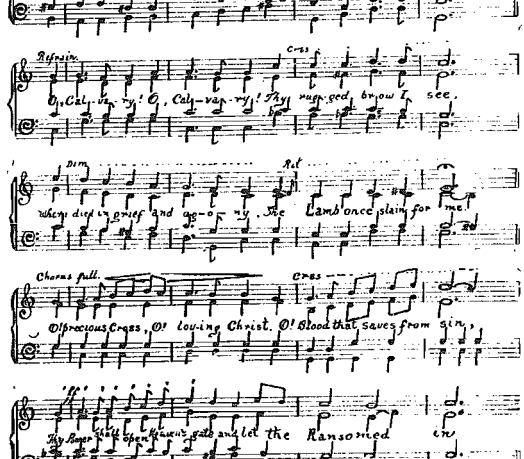
ENSIGN F. McKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Winnipeg, May 6th, 7th; Neepawa, 8th, 9th, 10th; Minnedosa, 11th; Rapid City, 12th; Brandon, 13th, 14th; Virden, 15th, 16th, 17th.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSNGN BARR (with Lantern) will visit: Dillon, May 5th, 6th, 7th; Anaconda, 8th, 9th, 10th; Missoula, 11th, 12th, 13th; Wallace, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th.

O, PRECIOUS CROSS.

(Copyright applied for.)



"The Cross is the attraction;"
With eye of faith I see
The crimson current flowing,
His life-blood shed for me.

"The Cross is the attraction,"
Earth has no charms for me;
Fixed are my heart's affections
On Christ of Calvary.

"The Cross is the attraction;"
Christ lifted draws the world;
To sinners, sad and fear-stained
Love's banner is unfurled.

"The Cross is the attraction,"
O, may I love it more!
Through Christ I have Salvation
And enter Heaven's door.

R. L. WERRY,
Port Stanley, Ont.

WHAT A SHOCK!!

Bermuda Snatches the Laurels.

Fred Bell the Champion at Last—Will He Keep it?—Ziebarth and McIntyre all Astray.

Tune.—Whiter Than Snow.

Bermuda's fair isle has at last topped the poll,
Round plucky Fred Bell the honors now roll;
Bermudians, DesBrisay and Major Pugmire rejoice,
For of all bold Boomers, that Bell is their choice.

Chorus.

Bell is their choice,
Bell is their choice,
Of all the bold Boomers,
Bell is their choice.

Fred Bell, Hamilton, Bermuda	205
Lieut. Hayman, Fredericton	215
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	206
War Cry Sergt.-Major Pierce, Temple	174
Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	166
*Capt. French, Ottawa	163
Cadet Martin, Windsor, N. S.	160
War Cry Sergt.-Major Pierce, Temple (2nd week)	145
Sergt. Armstrong, Windsor, N. S.	140
Capt. May, Victoria	140
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Brantford	115
War Cry Sergt. Mrs. Payne, Helena	110
Ensign Cowan, Butte	109
Ensign Kendall, Brockville	107
Carrie McQueen, Windsor, Ont.	107
Sergt. Mrs. Colliver, Spokane	105
Sergt. M. Woodworth, Devil's Lake	105
Capt. Crego, Quebec	100
Sergt. McRae, Woodstock, N. B. (av. 2 weeks)	100
Capt. Haley, Brantford	100
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	97
Mrs. Moore, Victoria	89
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall	85
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon	85
Sister Olsen, Helena	81
Lieut. Scott, Livingston	81
Sergt. Carrie Brass, Hamilton I.	78
Gussie Vaills, Hamilton, Ber.	76
Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Collingwood	75
Secretary Mrs. Billows, Spokane	74
Lieut. Hickey, Westville	74
Sergt. Mrs. Terry, Lindsay	70
Lieut. Latimer, Point St. Charles	70
Father Dixon, Temple	68
Lieut. McLeod, Pictou, N. S.	66
*Capt. McKay, Calgary	65
Capt. Lamont, Sussex	62
Geo. Barrett, Montreal I.	60
Capt. Mrs. Conte, Trenton	55
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	53
Sergt. Ella Gage, Ridgetown	53
Capt. Hurst, Livermore, N. D.	52
Lieut. Patterson, Livermore, N. D.	51
Lieut. Dora, Barre, Vt.	50
James Mann, Barre, Vt.	50
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	50
Lieut. ——, Newport, Vt.	50
*Capt. Steiper, St. John	50
Lieut. Dora, Barre, Vt. (2nd week)	50
James Mann, Barre, Vt. (2nd week)	50
Lieut. O'Neil, Newport, Vt.	50
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	50
Capt. Whealan, Wallaceburg	50
Lieut. Hollett, Wallaceburg	50
Sergt. J. McQueen, Moncton	50
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	50
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich (2nd wk.)	50
Sergt. Mrs. Abbott, Goderich	50
Annie Stovers, Missoula	50
Capt. Wm. Fisher, Goderich	49
Almena Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	46
Capt. Lorimer, Moncton	45
Capt. Ollis, Yorkville	45
Sergt. Moors, Halifax I.	45
Etta McCush, Westville	44
Capt. Staiger, Coatlicook	43
Mrs. Thompson, Neepawa	42
*Capt. Bradbury, Pictou, N. S.	42
Adjt. Magee, Point St. Charles	42
Mrs. Hill, Seaforth	41
Mrs. Johnston, Bowery	41
Sergt. Laura Held, Halifax I.	40
Annie Woodard, Brantford	40
Treasurer Mortimer, Victoria	40
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	40
Cadet Gray, St. John	40
Capt. B. B., Brockville	38
Sergt. Case, Hamilton I.	36
Sara Dolphin, Kingston	36
Sergt. Mrs. Grabur, Spokane	35
Florrie Awalt, Halifax I.	34
Capt. Kirkwood, Bloomfield	33
Bro. Mattice, Cornwall	32
Sergt. Mrs. Abley, Spokane	30
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	30
Sadie Pierson, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. Stellker, Riverside	30
Sister Weichers, Missoula	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Sergt. Armstrong, Seaforth	29
Mrs. Crossman, Moncton	28
Capt. Banks, Napanee	28
Capt. McCutcheon, Windsor, Ont.	27
Adjt. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I.	27
Lieut. Grose, Napanee	25
Annie Downey, Kingston	25
Sister Snider, Kingston	25
Annie Mitchell, Hamilton I.	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Sister Gillen, Helena	25
Mrs. Hull, Spokane	25
Capt. Bloss, Montreal I.	25
Lieut. Dickens, Montreal I.	25
Capt. LeDrew, Pembroke	25
Sergt. Schnyder, Pembroke	25
Adjt. Moore, Riverside	23
Mrs. Smith, Moncton	22
Ensign Broadbelt, Calgary	22
Elsie Roof, Moncton	20
Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Annie Cliff, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Parker, Kingston	20
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	20
Sergt. Watson, Point St. Charles	20
Sergt. Brownell, Point St. Charles	20
Sister Howeroft, Bowery	20
Robt. Douglas, Cornwall	20
Sister Miller, Cornwall	20

* * * *

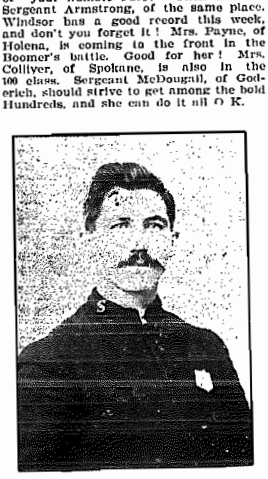
NOTES.

Who would have thought that the lovely Island of Bermuda would have such a plucky representative as FRED BELL? Yet it is true, for that laddie comes out at the very head of the poll this week. God bless Fred! Surely his Adjutant is proud of him, and well she may be! Now, what has McIntyre to say for himself? He is left high and dry, for even plucky Hayman goes over his head. Surely this will rouse the brave Mac. to do desperate things, and thus overcome all his rivals.

Mrs. Pierce, of the Temple, Toronto, is another aspirant for honors. She seems to have taken a new lease of life and I should not be surprised if she gets away to the top of the poll. Go at it, Mrs. Pierce! You have a grand field at the Temple. Go at it by all means and try to defeat some of the older heads. You can get to the top if you try. Surely the Temple ought to defeat all comers!

How are the mighty fallen! Captain Ziebarth, that far-famed seller, is away behind this week. Wonder what has the matter with Butte! Must have had a fall in mining matters. I hope not, for this would dampen the ardor of our Boomers—then what would we do? If Captain French keeps on the look-out, she will yet get ahead of the Butte Cry Amazon.

Cadet Martin, of Windsor, N. S., has done good work, and must have a word of praise at the hands or from the lips of "your humble PRY." Then there is Sergeant Armstrong, of the same place. Windsor has a good record this week, and don't you forget it! Mrs. Payne, of Helena, is coming to the front in the Boomer's battle. Good for her! Mrs. Colliver, of Spokane, is also in the 100 class. Sergeant McDougall, of Goderich, should strive to get among the bold Hundreds, and she can do it all O. K.



Now let me introduce you to the shadow of our worthy boomer, Lieutenant Jose Green, of Hillsboro, N. B. He walks 20 miles to sell the Cry in the Hillsboro Circle Corps. Converted April 17th, 1894 at Tilt Cove, Nfld.; Cadet on board "The Salvationist" and stationed at Channel. Lieutenant at Grand Bank. Came to Canada January, 1896. Since stationed at Halifax I., Stellarton, Lunenburg, Sussex and now at Hillsboro. He is determined to live, fight and die under the Yellow, Red and Blue. May his future career be a bright one indeed. Who said Newfoundlanders could not fight at all sorts of S. A. warfare?

Should you like to be introduced to Mrs. Newham, of Glenwood? She is a real mother in Israel, being G. B. M. Agent and CRY Boomer. She is a great help and blessing to the Army. Now, here she is. Make your bow to her, for she deserves it all the time. At Victoria, three Boomers sold 250 Crys on the streets.

This is not at all bad.

"CRYS all sold out this week," is the word on a post-card from Newport, Vt. At the close of the note the following words are written, "Success to the dear old Cry." These are my sentiments, Capt. Norman! Send the Editor your photo.

Sergeant McQueen, of Moncton, always sells the CRY in hotels and saloons. This city is also noted as being to the front in the matter of boosting the official gazette of the "good old Army." Go ahead, Adjutant Miller and Captain Lorimer! You will get to love it more as you sell more. Ensign Broadbelt, of Calgary, writes to say that she and Captain McKay always sell the CRY in saloons. They never miss those places, and it is the Ensign's opinion that they never should be passed by. Bravo, Ensign! I am wid ye! This is a noble example to the Calgary Soldiers, at any rate. I wonder if they assist their devoted Officers!—Adjutant McLean, of Hamilton, intends to give a prize to the champion seller in his brigade of H boomers. This is a splendid idea. Other Officers might follow this plan with great success.

The following is a short sonnet, or song, or poetical effusion on the why and wherefore of selling the CRY. It is composed and sent by—well! ah! hem!!:—I really don't know. Good-bye.

Yours as ever, PRY.

BOOM THE WAR CRY.

Boom the War Cry, Comrade,
Boom it where you can;
It has been a blessing
To many a sin-sick man.

Boom it in the Barracks,
Boom it on the streets,
Boom it in the workshops—
It tells of love complete.

Boom it to the drunkard,
It will hope inspire;
Boom it to the outcast,
It will raise such higher.

Boom it for the Army,
Boom it for our God,
Boom it for the Saviour
Who shed His precious blood.

S. M. R.

This is from Malone, N. Y.:

Dear War Cry.—Through sickness and other grievous hindrances, instead of getting into parlors, offices, saloons and the many little nooks and corners that you are accustomed to slip into, you had to be piled up three weeks high, making my heart sick to look at you.

When I Thought of the Good You Might be Doing.

However, God cleared the way, and although late, yet the opportunity was embraced, and with a prayer for success, your humble servant started out, taking you at the age of three weeks. Apology with explanation was offered. "All right, Captain, we'll help you." Result—SOLD OUT. Had to return to the Post Office, for you were there, waiting now in your 4th week. Actually selling part of four weeks in one.—E. Comstock, Capt.

STRATFORD DISTRICT.

The Siege is being pushed forward. Seven souls cried for mercy last Sunday. Soldiers are on fire, looking ahead to a good enrolment on the 29th. The children's Annual grand; people delighted. God is blessing the children's work here, and a good number are getting saved. Just returned from a trio round the District. Had Staff-Captain Turner with us at Seaforth, Clinton and Goderich, and had a blessed time. Largest crowd in Seaforth for years. At Clinton we had a half-night of prayer, when ten souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. Goderich Saturday and Sunday; a pull, the people being determined to resist the Spirit. Bayfield is doing nicely. Captain Branigan is left alone. Last week every Corps in the District reports souls.

S. WIGGINS, D. O.

HELPS For J. S. Workers.

May 16th.

"WATER OUT OF THE ROCKS."
Numbers xx. 1-29.

HIS is again rather a sad story, showing how careful even the best people ought to be, as it is possible for the most saintly to fall.

The children of Israel were very down-hearted. They had just had a funeral—that sweet singer and tambourine player, Miriam, had just died and been buried, and they were in just the mood to feel very unhappy at anything that should come.

"AND THERE WAS NO WATER."

This was sufficient to make them once again begin to grumble and to talk of Egypt and the badness of their present circumstances.

"SPEAK YE UNTO THE ROCK."

God was again willing to supply their need. He always was willing, and they need never have grumbled at all if they were in the right way. Even in the wilderness if God takes you there He will provide for all that you need.

"HEAR NOW, YE REBELS."

Poor Moses here began to lose the blessing of a clean heart. Patient man though he was, he began to get tired of the people's grumbling and got impatient. Impatience is a bad sign in any saved man or woman. Never be impatient at the sinners—God is not and neither must you be. Bear with them, love them, and win them.

"WITH HIS ROD HE SMOTE THE ROCK."

Moses did not obey exactly the command of God, which told him to speak, not to strike the rock. Speaking would have been quite sufficient to bring the water. Perhaps Moses wanted to get a little of the glory to himself, as is shown by his saying just before to the people, "Must we fetch you water out of this rock." He wanted to help to do what only God could do, because after all had not God allowed the water to flow to quench the people's thirst, no result could have come for all Moses' striking.

"YE SHALL NOT BRING THIS CONGREGATION INTO THE LAND."

God knows no favoritism, and whether it is a young convert or an older follower, He cannot pass over wrong-doing. Despite the beauty of Moses' past character, his holiness and many acts of righteousness, when he fell in a moment of temptation, God had to punish him. And the punishment was a very severe one. The dearest dream of Moses' life was to be unfulfilled—and after all his prosperity he was to be debarred from leading the children of Israel into the Promised Land. Thus we see how one act of disobedience may spoil our future prospects of usefulness.

"AND EDOM SAID . . . THOU SHALT NOT PASS."

When Moses had taken that wrong step, though we feel sure it was bitterly repented of, it is strange to notice how the prosperity of his next action failed. When a man has done wrong his work generally shows it.

"AARON SHALL BE GATHERED UNTO HIS PEOPLE."

Here began the first part of the carrying out of the punishment. Aaron's death on Mount Hor would prevent his ever entering the Promised Land. Of course the punishment was shared because undoubtedly the guilt was shared. Aaron was probably as much to blame as Moses in the attempt to work their own miracle at Meribah.

We cannot look upon Moses and Aaron as outright backsliders, for that they repented and were forgiven seems clear. But from their experience we gather a lesson of warning of how even the furthest advanced in salvation should take heed lest in a moment of temptation they fall.

Never feel that you are too good a Christian to be beyond the possibility of falling. Trust to God to keep you.

Obey exactly the commands of God without any additions of your own.

QUESTIONS.

1. What possible reason was there for the children of Israel feeling particularly downcast before they discovered there was no water?
2. In what way did Moses obey God?
3. What punishment did God give to them?
4. What unsuccessful request did Moses make to the King of Edom?
5. What lesson does this story teach us?

MEMORY TEXT.

"When we cried unto the Lord He heard our voice."

THE ADVANCE OF THE

Light Brigade.

By MAJOR J. READ.

GOD SPEED the efforts of all the dear folk who push the interests of the G. B. M. Scheme! The different Provincial Agents are really doing very well. Their hearts are in the business and manifesting heart-concern in the scheme it follows that they are hearty in their souls and are continually putting in a hearty foundation. Praise God for this heart-work!

* * * *

Ingersoll, at their recent collection, actually doubled the amount raised the previous quarter, while Ettle Royal, the Local Agent of Dutton, nearly doubled the amount of her last quarterly collection. Well done, Ettle!—Mrs. C. Terry, of Lindsay, writes as follows: "Please send me 12 more new boxes and some chain, for I have four boxes in hotels, and I want more. The money has turned out well this quarter. I am well saved and love the G. B. M. work."—Ensign Perry will doubtless do wonders with his phonograph. No doubt ere this time he knows just how to manage it. The East is a favored spot.—Ensign Sims had a wonderful meeting in Arnprior on a recent Saturday. The hall was jammed to the doors and they took in $10. On the following Sunday the hall was again full up and three souls got saved. More labels and Roll Books have been sent the Ensign. He is expecting $50 at Montreal for the ensuing quarter. There is a hustle on in the E. O. P. Miss Campbell has just been appointed Agent at Arnprior, and the following new Agents have been added at Montreal: Bro. Duncan, Mrs. Duncan, Thomas Elliott, Mrs. Seruton Florrie Gatehouse, Brother Colley, and Miss Flo. Peppin. This is really delightful. Ottawa has just raised $25. God bless the Imperial Agents!—Major Gaskin writes: "There seems to me such huge possibilities before the G. B. M. Scheme for directly benefiting the Social Institutions. . . I am anxious to co-operate in pushing forward the Scheme, as I see that it can become of untold blessing to us in bearing some of the heavy financial burdens that fall upon the Social part of our work." The Major is right, as the following figures go to show. For the quarter ending March 26th, the Social Institutions received the following amounts, being 50 per cent. of the money got in the towns in which these Institutions are situated:—

MEN'S SHELTERS.

London	$ 7.85
Toronto	5.44
Montreal	10.92
Quebec	16.82
Halifax	7.59
Winnipeg	17.78
Victoria	14.80
Total	$81.20

WOMEN'S SHELTERS.

London	$ 7.85
Toronto	5.44
Montreal	10.92
Ottawa	19.20
Halifax	7.59
St. John	16.60
Winnipeg	17.78
Helena	4.64
Total	$90.02

Good for Ensign Andrews, the W.O.P. Provincial Agent! He writes as follows: "The interest is increasing, in Ridgetown, three banks and three hotels have boxes. There was $3.95 in them. The Molsons' Bank had $1 in their box, and the Burton House $1. They promised to take more interest in it next quarter. I am getting out more boxes in the business places of the town. I run round to these places, thank the people personally for their efforts and have a talk with them about the Social work."—Ridgetown has increased $5 on their last quarterly collection. God bless Agents Wells, Gare, Watt and Green! This is excellent ideed.

A DARING CHALLENCE.

"To MAJOR READ:—

"The War Cry is just to hand, and, as my custom is, I throw down pen and paper until I have glanced over its pages and read carefully every word in your notes. Have you not made a GREAT mistake, or is it TRUE, that Captain Collier has forgotten that the E. O. P. has some of the best Local Agents that are to be found, and in the moment of his forgetfulness challenged the WHOLE TERRITORY? Of course, I accept the challenge on behalf of Brother Felix, of QUEBEC, the worthy Local Agent, who raised over $21.00 last quarter. Brother BURROWS will stand at the back of him. You can just remind him (Collier) that if I had not a MAN like Felix to trot out and pick up the gauntlet, I should expect to see ENSIGN ROSS, of MONTREAL, blushing for very shame at the backwardness of the others, rush like a hero, and accept the challenge of one who dared to throw down the gauntlet to us. LET IT BE KNOWN TO ALL THE TERRITORY, THAT THE E. O. P. HERE AND NOW DO CHALLENGE ANY OTHER PROVINCE IN THE DOMINION FOR THE JUNE COLLECTION. Please pass on this information to the right quarter. (Signed)

SIMS.

ANOTHER

Victoria, B. C., Wedding.

Band-Sergeant Bent and Bandlassie Porter Unite.

The night of Saturday, April 3rd, will not be soon forgotten by those Victorians.

Before 7 p. m. the people began to come, and continued steadily until in less than hour every seat was taken. A few people availed themselves of the vacant seats on the platform.

A ringing volley from the expectant crowd greeted Adjutant Gibbs and Captain May as they stepped on the platform and were introduced by Adjutant Clark. The first song, "Oh, I'm glad I'm ready," went with a swing. Captain May and Adjutant Clark prayed. A solo, "Jesus is my Light and Song" followed, and then, amidst cheers and volleys, the bridal party took their places on the platform. After a few words from Captain May and a song from the "Cry," Adjutant Clark read the Salvation Army Marriage Service.

The bridesmaid was Band-lassie Mary Porter, and Brother Richard Lewis supported the groom. All concerned and unconcerned did their part successfully, and in a few minutes Band-Sergeant Arthur R. Bent and Band-Lassie Annie E. Porter were pronounced man and wife. Amid thundering volleys and hand-clappings the essential salutation was given and Adjutant Gibbs was called on to pray. Heaven seemed to come near as she asked God's blessing on the two who from that night would fight unitedly for His glory.

The bride and groom then had a few words, and when Adjutant Gibbs had spoken, the meeting closed. Many stayed to the wedding repast, a great attraction being the wedding-cake, cut by the bride. "God bless them!" is the prayer of their Victoria Comrades.

ANNIE TOWNSEND.

PRIDE.

PRIDE went forth one snowy day,
Bent upon her best display
Of lady's head with nothing on it,
Save three leaves they call a bonnet.
With the wind a little lace
Blew about her neck and face.

Pride returned all wet and chill,
A parents' only child fell ill;
Cough and cold, from snow and rain
Rendered every effort vain,
Wearing leaves for style and pleasure,
Killed both pride and child together.

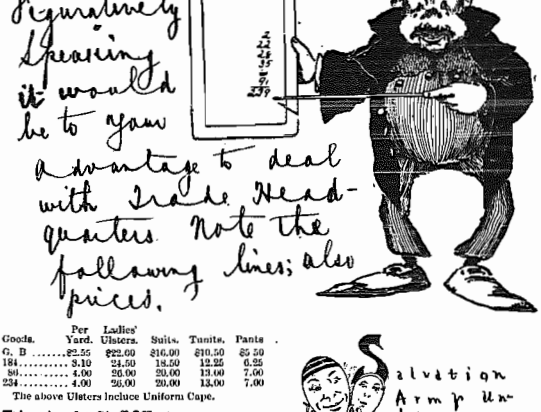
—Copied from the diary of the late James Bott, who was promoted to glory on June 2nd, 1895; sent by his daughter, Nellie Bott.

* * * *

INGERSOLL NOTABLES.

REG. COR. M. KENNEDY.

INGERSOLL CORPS boasts of a hallelujah Duke, a worthy Bishop, and the ever faithful John Wesley, the great Stephenson and the Salvation Miller, a number of A 1 Taylors, a Cooper (Mrs.) that can't be outdone, also a live Brigadier's brother, and though not hard-shells, we have a Shell (drie). There are some real good Childs, who don't grow taller. We have Hills and Dales, a fine, tall Woods, and a faithful Orchard. We possess two excellent Cables, which render good service in the War; a Wright that once was wrong; some folks who are wide-awake if they are Knapps; a Pearce that has pierced many with the Truth, and a host more of Devil-drivers and soul-winners, who are in to stand by the Flag.

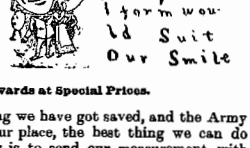


Goods.	Per Yard.	Ladies' Ulsters.	Suits.	Tunics.	Pants
G. B	$2.55	$22.00	$16.00	$10.50	$5.50
184	3.10	24.50	18.50	12.25	6.25
80	4.00	26.00	20.00	13.00	7.00
234	4.00	26.00	20.00	13.00	7.00

The above Ulsters include Uniform Cape.

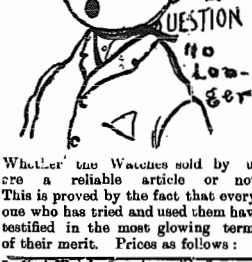
Trimming for Staff-Officers:

For Ensign's Suit	$2.50
" " Tunic	1.50
" " Pants	1.00
Adjutant's and Staff-Captain's Suits	3.50
" " Tunic	2.00
" " Pants	1.50



Frock Suits for Majors and upwards at Special Prices.

Seeing we have got saved, and the Army is our place, the best thing we can do now is to send our measurement, with cash, to Headquarters. The above prices will just suit us, and we will be Blood-and-Fire Soldiers.



Whether the Watches sold by us are a reliable article or not. This is proved by the fact that everyone who has tried and used them have testified in the most glowing terms of their merit. Prices as follows:

Ladies' Watch—Open face, solid silver, stem winder and setter, Waltham movement $9 00

Gents' Stem Winder and Setter—Waltham movement, filled silver screw case, crest engraved on back ..... $ 00

Gents' Stem Winder Solid silver screw case, jewelled Elgin movement, crest engraved on back 10 00

Guarantee with each watch.

TESTIMONIALS.

Toronto.

STAFF-CAPT. J. RAWLING:

Here you are! Testimonial? I should think so! About three years ago I bought one of the Army's $9.00 watches (this is now reduced to 8.00). It has never cost me a cent since the day of purchase. It keeps good, sound, correct, Salvation time, and can always be relied upon. I might say that it has had many bad, awkward falls—thanks to its owner—but when picked up ticked and worked as hastily as ever. It is a gem! I would not sell it for $12 to-day, I am so attached to it. It indicates 21¼ minutes past ten a. m. as I write. Hallelujah! Reader! Buy one!

J. READ, Major.

Winnipeg, Man.

To MAJOR COLLIER:

Dear Major.—In answer to yours to watch, I have carried it constantly for nearly two years, and like it very much. It keeps perfect time—always to be relied upon. Could not wish for a better timepiece than the Salvation Army watch.

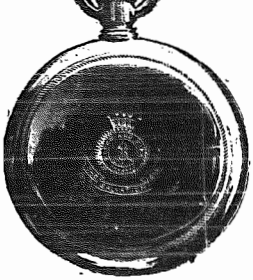
Faithfully yours in the war,
L. C. GARDINER, Capt.

Winnipeg, Man.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN:

Dear Staff-Captain.—In reply to your request for my opinion of the watch bought from you one year ago last February, I can say that it has given very good satisfaction. I broke the main spring soon after I got it, but with that exception I am well pleased with it. It keeps good time and is a reliable article.

HENRY F. TOOKE, Captain.



Jamestown, N. D.

To STAFF-CAPTAIN RAWLING:

My dear Staff-Captain.—I am pleased to say the watch purchased from Headquarters and owned by me has now stood over one year of Salvation war and it is as bright as the first day it entered the field. It has kept good time in Canada, and it keeps good time in the States.

I recommend it to every one I come in contact with. I am more than satisfied with it. I cannot speak too highly of it. God bless you. Yours in Him.

A. GOODWIN, Adjt.

[OUR SHORT STORY.]

ONCE

A COWBOY AND GAMBLER,

Now an Officer Under the Banner of Blood-and-Fire.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

WE WERE HAVING an afternoon Holiness meeting in Valley City, during my recent visit to that little town, lying in a North Dakota valley. Some bright, victorious experiences had been related and blessing was being received by those present. Lieut. Siverts, a converted gambler, gave the following interesting testimony which I thought was too good to be forgotten. So I have pleasure in passing it on to the readers of the War Cry.

Said the Lieutenant :—"My father was a Methodist Minister, and mother was a good Christian woman, who taught all her children to pray, and tried hard to make us examples to others. Still, all this seemed to have no effect on me.

I always had the reputation of being the wildest boy at school and got lots of thrashings. When I was grown up, I concluded to cast in my lot with the cow-boys, as that was the wildest life I knew of and promised more real excitement than anything else I could do. But even that seemed to grow too tame a life for me, so I went farther West, and found my way into the logging camps in Oregon and Washington.

This seemed to suit me very well for a while, as we could work a month, get our wages and take one of the river steamers for Portland, where we could spend all our money without any trouble. But this did not work with me as I was a new hand, so when I came back another man had been hired in my place, and there I was, without any money or friends.

It made me think of home, and as I left there to look for work elsewhere, I felt awfully miserable. I began to

Think of my Praying Mother,

and I believe now that my feeling so miserable was in answer to her prayers for me. I tried hard to do different in my own strength, but finally made up my mind that I was one of those who could not.

After spending seven years out West, I came back to North Dakota, taking considerable pride in being quite a gambler.

I joined the church by request of my friends, but as my experience did not come up to my standard of Christianity, I gradually sank lower until I got really desperate. So on Sunday evening, November 17th, 1895, after spending the day gambling in different saloons, I went to the Salvation Army meeting altogether in despair. During the meeting the thought "Now or Never" kept passing through my mind, and when the opportunity was given, I did not wait. I had fully made up my mind during the meeting that I had to get in earnest. God, in answer to prayer, told me what I had to do, and as soon as I knelt at the penitent-form, Jesus lifted the burden off my shoulders. So, instead of pleading with God to forgive my sins as I expected to, I could only pour out my heart to Him in thanks because He had done it. Oh, Hallelujah to Jesus! As I knelt there and lost sight of self and all else only Him, I realized far above and beyond all hopes, that peace that passeth the understanding of this world.

The devil was at hand and said, "What will your friends say if you confess all?" But as self had lost its significance, I confessed all my sins, and Jesus, as the One that had set the captive free.

I had some money with me I had just won at the gambling table. What I should do with it was the first question in my mind. I did not want to use it for personal purposes, so I just turned out my pockets upon the penitent-form. The money, I believe, was afterwards used to defeat the devil's purpose.

I at once saw that the world was dying for a real, Christlike religion, and as the Salvation Army kind came the nearest to my notion of real, practical Christianity, I joined myself to that band of people who preach with their clothes as well as their lips, and the way grows brighter each day. Hallelujah!"

•

Perhaps some other "wild" boy will read this and come to the same blessed Fountain for sin. I trust it may be so.

A GLORIOUS TIME, SURE.

CORNWALL.—Since last report, four souls have sought Jesus; also had a visit from East Ontario String Band. Wonderful times experienced. Barracks crowded out each night; souls blessed and saved. Were pleased to welcome Staff-Captain Hargraves for first time. We say, come again, Staff, and bring Mrs. Hargraves with you.

H. Walker, Captain.

RIDING HIS HOBBY-HORSE TO RUIN.

This individual is having, as he considers, a jolly time. The drink is his hobby, and he finds his greatest satisfaction in close communion with the barrel. He doesn't believe that intoxicating drink is "the devil in solution," and that through the drink the devil will, unless he repents, carry him to destruction. If this should meet the eye of one such jovial drinker, we recommend him to quit the drink before his laughter is turned into mourning.

"The Wildest Boy."

SAM SORTER CO'S MAIL BAG.

DON'T COPY other people's poetry or articles and send them to us over your name as original. When you copy, say so.

Contributions must, in every case, have the full name of the contributor, unless they are sent for the W. P. B. Will R. J. B., who tells the story of a vision, please send us his name.

Regular Correspondents of the War Cry must put their full name on the report they send, although not necessarily for publication. No notice is taken of reports which do not conform to this rule.

MAJOR MILSAPS' Easter Cry is a live and startling production. The front-page subject, done in blue and gold, entitled: "Christ Crowned Conqueror," is especially striking. Some of the cartoons are very good.

THE BRITISH WAR CRY Self-Denial number has a very effective picture of Christ crowned with thorns on the front page, with a penitent-form and slum scene in the four corners, and underneath the words, "Supreme Self-Denial."

Say! would you believe it? Sam Sorter is grieved. It appears that song writers don't read his notes, and they still send in songs in abundance. It's a positive fact that he will accept no more songs (until further notice) unless they have been tried at the Corps, and have gone with a good relish and swing.

We cannot accept any Corps reports from other than our Regular Correspondents unless the Officer in charge of the Corps makes arrangements with the Regular Correspondent, and initials the report himself. We occasionally receive two reports from one place for the same week on account of an arrangement similar to the above not being made.

Field Officers are developing in enterprise. Ensign Pugh sent specimens of "Dodgers" advertising his meetings, and tickets for a banquet, which he had printed with his own hand—I should say, with his own type, and another Officer has a canny "Dodge" of announcing his "Maple Sugar Social" and the "Taking Machine" in violet-inked type on the War Cry.

Lieutenant Pynn.—Don't try song-writing for the Cry for six months. A blood and fire testimony, or a piercing, soul-stirring sermon to sinners five-and-fifty words long, or a pungent Holiness testimony, or a half-dozen little paragraphs that are as hot as the fire in a furnace, stand some chance of being inserted in the Cry, but as for songs, the very look of Sam's eyes terrifies them, barring the songs which have been introduced to the public, and are so successful that they are in great demand; like Ensign Barr's songs about the Angels, for instance.

Thus says a subscriber, in enclosing annual subscription for renewal: "The War Cry, which I dearly love to read. I have received many a blessing from its pages."

"THAT SERGEANT,"

Or, The Story of

ADJUTANT DAVE McAMMOND'S CONVERSION.

I WAS CONVERTED in a little Methodist Church about five miles from the City of Ottawa. My parents being Methodists, of course I went with them to that church. The Methodists were having special services in the months of February and March, 1886. I attended with the rest of the family. There was a Sergeant of the Ottawa Corps who helped whenever he was there. I had known him when he was a drunkard and could easily see that a great change had taken place.

•

One Wednesday night, in the month of March, I was at the meeting. Conviction was stumped upon my heart. I got down in the seat in the prayer-meeting and began crying like a child. This Sergeant made right for me and said, "Dave, how is it with your soul?" I could not answer him, could do nothing but sob and cry. I then saw myself a guilty, lost, undone sinner. He at last persuaded me to go to the penitent-form, where he prayed for me, and I PRAYED FOR MYSELF; then and there the burden of my heart rolled away. Oh, what a change! I then realized that old things had passed away and all things had become new.

•

This Sergeant was alive to the business of saving souls, and got behind me and poked me up to give my testimony at the close of the meeting. Many times since have I thanked God for the Wednesday night meeting and for that Sergeant who fished for my soul and got me out of the seat to the penitent-form and then right into the Salvation Army, where I have been now for over eleven years. Hallelujah!

MISSING.

Second Insertion.

1917. L. D. MARKS. Age, 70; height, 5 ft. 10 or 11 in.; occupation, foundryman; a very fine looking man; when last heard of was in Brantford a number of years ago.

1918. JESSE BETTS, of Big Qualicum, Vancouver Island, B. C., wishes to hear of his sister, Harriet F. Thompson, of California. American Crys please copy.

First Insertion.

1919. JOHN CURRIE. Age, 26; fair. Last heard of was in the North-West Mounted Police, stationed at Fort McLeod, Alberta, N. W. T., three years ago. Any one knowing his whereabouts please write to Captain W. A. Fox, Minot, North Dakota. American Crys please copy.

1920. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from on February 28th, 1895. Was then living in Victoria, B. C. Worked in a paper factory. His mother is anxious to hear from him.

1921. JOSEPH LIGHTFOOT. Left Testor, Man., 1895. Went to Hamilton and worked on the new Railway. His brother Arthur would like to hear from him.

1922. CHARLES MEACHAN, who is about 30 years of age. Last heard from was in a town near Banff, Alberta County, B. C.

1924. RICHARD CLARK. Age 45; a colored man and barber by trade. Last heard of was in Moosomin. Supposed to have gone to Kootenay. Wife enquires.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.